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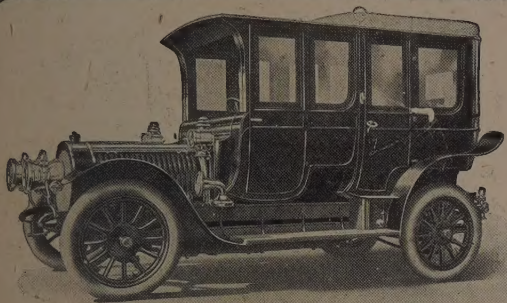
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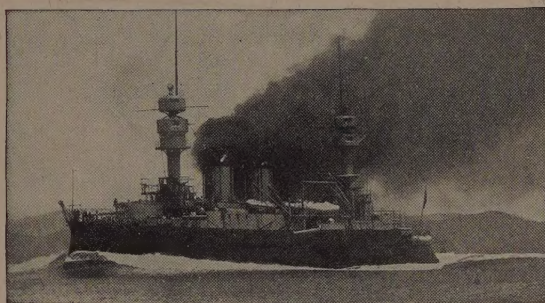
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THE THEATRE

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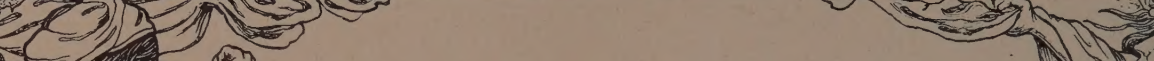
NEW YORK, MARCH 1907

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor



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ETHEL BARRYMORE AS MME. TRENTONI IN "CAPTAIN JINKS" AT THE EMPIRE



The Current Plays

Lady Cecily-Waynflete.....Ellen Terry
Sir Howard Hallam.....Rudge Harding
Captain Brassbound.....James Carew
The Rev. Leslie Rankin.....George Ingleton
Felix Drinkwater.....George Elton
Redbrook.....Frederick Lloyd
Johnson.....John Macfarlane

Marzo.....	Tom Paulton
Sidi El Assif.....	David Powell
The Cadi of Kintafi.....	George Barran
Osman.....	O. P. Heggie
Hassan.....	J. Ferguson
Capt. H. Kearney, U. S. A.....	W. T. Lovell
American Blue Jacket.....	John Hood

The incidents are diverting throughout, and the incisiveness of Shaw is felt at every moment. In his cynical mood he amuses us, and we laugh approvingly at his castigation of shams. In this play he has no immoralities to preach, and Ellen Terry has in Lady Cecily a medium for her charming personality. Shaw incidentally conveys very often wholesome satire, as he should always do, by means of the truth. The play itself being of no consequence as a play, its force must be recognized in the characters, incidents and speech.

expedition into the mountains, and require a guide and escort. Capt. Brassbound recognizes his uncle and expects to take vengeance on him when he gets him in his power in the mountains. He believes that Sir Howard has robbed his mother of her estate and driven her to death. Lady Cecily converts Brassbound from this resolve and makes what she calls a narrow escape in the conclusion of the play from marrying him, he concluding that she is too good for him. Capt. Brassbound's crew is made up of cutthroats, vulgarians and the dregs of humanity. Before the play ends Lady Cecily has converted Drinkwater, a lad from the London slums, a member of the crew, into some decency of appearance by means of a cold bath of real water. She escapes being carried away by a Sheikh by her cajolery. Her gentle words are taken as commands by everybody.

"THE GOOD HOPE." Play in 4 acts:
adapted by Christopher St. John from
the Dutch of Heijermans. Produce
February 4 with this cast:

Kniertje.....	Ellen Term
Geert.....	James Carey
Barend.....	David Power
Joe.....	Suzanne Sheldo
Cobus.....	George Elton
Knietje.....	Tom Pauline
Clemens Bos.....	Rudge Harlan
Mathilde.....	M. St. John
Clementine.....	Beatrice Forbes-Roberts
Simon.....	George Inglet
Marietje.....	Maud Stuart
Mees.....	John Macfarlan
Kaps.....	W. T. Love
Saart.....	Edith Cran
Truus.....	Janet Lindsay
Jelle.....	I. Ferguson
Harbor Policemen {	Frederick Lloyd
	John Ho

dent and every detail before the playwright turns his hand to them. Heijermans' drama, "The Good Hope," is one of them. They are the real plays, compared with which dramas of the imagination are, for the most part, feeble. Sometimes they destroy the evils at which they are aimed, and in doing so destroy their permanent commercial value. The action of the play takes place in a Dutch fishing village, where, by law or poverty, the me-



THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF JULIA MARLOWE

compelled to risk their lives on vessels that go to pieces in any storm the devil may choose to send. The bodies of the men are washed ashore; widows are made, and every tender kinship is cast down. The owner of the fishing smacks grows rich on the disasters with his insurance. The conditions are appalling. The lives of the people have declined into poverty, ignorance, immorality, helplessness. The details of it are essentially local and could not possibly be conveyed by any other than a Dutch comedy and before a Dutch audience. A widow loses her two sons in the sinking of an unseaworthy smack, and the sweetheart of one of them is crazed by the irreparable fate of her unborn child. The widow is consoled by the promise of a trifling pension, while the rich man's wife sends out to her by a servant a plate of soup to take home with her.

While this play, with its wail of the poorest of the poor, the ignorant and the ignorant, could not lose its effectiveness by any meddling, it would not be easy to conceive of a more inadequate performance of it than was given by these English, always English, actors. Why, then, dwell upon the excellence of any one's "acting" in it? The finest of Sèvres had as well try to imitate the commonest delftware as Ellen Terry an ignorant, sordid widow of a Dutch fisherman. The women folk in the play wear wooden shoes and make a great clickety-clacking in moving about, but Ellen Terry, following her usual fashion of treading on the air only, made no sound. It was the impossible. You cannot make a Dutchman's widow out of Miss Terry. The bill announces the play as by Christopher St. John. It is really by Heijermans, and Heijermans' play should be used word for word, in all events, with all its sordidness and with every possible equivalent of expression. The play is worth seeing as it is, and the masterpiece, "Nance Oldfield," is something not to be missed; for Miss Terry retains her inimitable grace and spirit of comedy.

MYRIC. "JEANNE D'ARC." Poetic drama in blank verse by Percy MacKaye. Produced January 29, with this cast:

Jeanne D'Arc.....	Mr. Crawley	René De Bouligny.....	Mr. Lowe
Colin D'Arc.....	Mr. Rice	Vendome.....	Mr. Dabney
Le De Bourlement.....	Mr. Crompton	Dunois.....	Mr. Taylor
.....	Mr. Howson	Marshal La Hire.....	Mr. Buckstone
.....	Mr. Eric	Jean De Metz.....	Mr. Aspland
.....	Mr. Aspland	Pasquerel.....	Mr. Crompton
.....	Miss Marlowe	Pigachon.....	Mr. Howson
.....	Miss Grey	Master Seguin.....	Mr. Spiers
.....	Mr. Lewis	Louis De Contes.....	Gladys Wilkinson
.....	Mr. Sothorn	Pierre Cauchon.....	Mr. Wheelock
.....	Mr. Reicher	Nicolas Loiseleur.....	Mr. Arthur
.....	Mr. Miles	Flavy.....	Mr. Conklin

In Mr. Percy MacKaye we have the promise and partly the realization of a poet and dramatist of our own of the very high quality. As a dramatist he is closer to the stage than Stephen Phillips, while his verse is much saner and entirely in accord with the need of the moment in the play, consequently more virile and more dramatic. There is also an individual freshness and beauty about it, without vain and swollen imaginings and abstractions. The Sothorn and Marlowe production of Mr. MacKaye's "Jeanne D'Arc" is so worthy in intent and in external trappings that we need not give it praise in detail. We are accustomed to accept and expect in the productions of these artists the very best that modern stage management can provide. All the resources of the modern stage are brought to bear.

The maid sees a glowing cross, unseen by Jacques and Colin, and a brave show for the audience. It is the staff of Colin transmuted by St. Michael into a sword, its handle a cross. Angels appear to her and counsel her. St. Michael indicates to her the way when she is brought before him, D'Alençon, on the throne of pretense, to test her divination. Wearied, she sleeps on a couch in the moonlight, and D'Alençon, who now loves her, gazes at her:

She sleeps in silver the strong virgin—France!
He murmurs: What was that?—Dear God, my name!
D'Alençon—Jeanne! Jeanne! leave thy dreams ajar
And let me through to thee—so, with a kiss."

As he springs to kiss her hand he is caused to stagger back by a dazzling, intervening splendor, out of which there takes shape the angelic form of St. Michael, holding his sword drawn.



Hall

LOUIS MANN AND LOTTA FAUST
In "The White Hen" at the Casino

"Thou burnest me, beloved; I grow blind;
My brain is stung with fire. Where are thou snatched
In flame away from me?—Ah!—stand not there
Between us!"

The treatment of the story, too familiar to recount here unless we were making a comparison with the various and numerous dramatic versions, confines itself perhaps too much to the poetic side of Jeanne personally to the neglect of that part of the action which is essential to the plot and the development of other characters. There are many essential characters, and they are sharply drawn, but their doings, as to the plot action, are so meagerly sketched that the causes of her downfall are not adequate for her prevalence in poetic speech.

It must not be inferred that Mr. MacKaye is not skilled in his dramatic technique. "Jeanne D'Arc" affords one of the most difficult of problems. He has not solved it completely and finally. A revision might do it. It is possible that more of his lines should be in the stage version. Of late years there has been a growing error and false theory in the production of poetic drama. Irving began it by putting the acting largely in the mid-

dle distance, but he did not err completely. He still held fast to the principle that the words must be heard. Heard! Of what use the poetic form if half the battle is not there? It is one of the mediums. The "centre of the stage" was a necessity of the old ill-lighted boards, the wings open. In the poetic drama it is just as necessary to-day that the passages which depend upon proper utterance for effect should be spoken from a point of vantage. No tone should be lost, no musical sound left unuttered. Every cadence, every value, must count. None of the famous passages in Shakespeare, with which we used to be so familiar, was uttered in a corner in the old and proper method of acting the poetic drama. Give us the music of the lines. Anything but the prosaic! And do not let the poetic depend upon burnished armor or the electric dynamo. The soul speaks through the human voice, for

would have made a greater success if he had given six weeks or six months to the actual writing of it instead of six days.

As romantic as Bret Harte's stories are, they are inherently true. A girl of the mining camp has been sued in love by a wonderful man of the camp who has threatened to possess her against her will and against all comers. She detests him. She is sought in marriage by a younger man, to outward appearance more but a craven at heart. Her reply to him is that she will marry him if he will kill this man. She shows him her bruises and declares to him her unalterable decision. He falters. In the meantime while the camp is aroused in pursuit of a horse thief, the mysterious horse thief kills the hated suitor. Salomy Jane's heart goes out to him. She learns from the mysterious stranger that he is not a horse thief, but had come to the West to



Orme Caloara

John F. Ward

Lulu Glaser

Lizzie Conway

Act II. Myrtle Webb takes a footbath after the balloon ascension
SCENE IN SIDNEY ROSENFELD'S COMEDY "THE AERO CLUB" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

the most part, and St. Cecilia is closer to it than St. Michael. Need we say that Julia Marlowe was a sympathetic, heaven-born maid, contributing, in personality and art, much to the lines? She was, as Mr. MacKaye perhaps meant her to be, the play.

LIBERTY. "SALOMY JANE." Play in 4 acts by Paul Armstrong. Produced Jan. 21 with this cast:

Madison Clay.....James Seeley
Low.....Horace Vinton
Willie Smith.....Donald Gallaher
Lize Heath.....Ada Dwyer
Mary Ann Heath.....Frances Golden Fuller
Anna May Heath.....Ruth Abbott Wells
Salomy Jane.....Eleanor Robson

The Man.....H. B. Warner
Colonel Starbottle.....Reuben Fax
Yuba Bill.....Ralph Delmore
Mr. Jack Marbury.....Holbrook Blinn
Rufe Waters.....Earl Browne
Larrabee.....Henry Harmon
Red Pete.....Stephen Wright

The season has been somewhat remarkable in the variety and range of its productions. The revival in dramatic form of that romantic Western life depicted by Bret Harte is not the least interesting feature of the wide activities of our stage at this moment. "Salomy Jane" is a good example of the treatment of material from the point of view of the actor and stage manager combined with the capacity of the author. The stage manager-actor in writing his play usually makes a botch of it. Mr. Paul Armstrong, on the contrary, has succeeded in doing the rare thing. He has made a success of "Salomy Jane." He

this man in order to avenge a wrong he had committed on whom he loved. She assists him in escaping; and in the scene, on the border line, when safety has been reached, embrace, and, as the curtain falls, she innocently asks him, the inflection on the first word, "What is your name?"

Mr. Armstrong has shown unusual skill in conducting dramatic story largely by means of episode and always by strong individualization of character. The broadening of a play means of episode and character is a distinct merit of American playwriting since the artistic method of it was shown by James A. Herne in "Shore Acres." We cannot dwell upon the episode in this play, but must be content with calling attention to their artistic treatment. Without the influence of Herne this play would have been simply a play of dry theatrical situation. Eleanor Robson has the very great merit of not "acting" for the sake of acting. Perhaps her range of expression is not great, but she expresses everything according to her own personality, and with sufficient art, and always with intelligence, so that criticism of acting, when it reaches the heart, is hypercriticism. A play of episode and character is necessarily one of detail, and an account of that detail must be overlooked in our general commendation of "Salomy Jane" as a play and as a work of skill.



ESTELLE BLOOMFIELD

American soprano now singing the title rôle in Henry W. Savage's "Madam Butterfly" Company

MAJESTIC. "THE ROSE OF THE ALHAMBRA." Comic opera by Charles Emerson Cook and Lucius Hosmer. Produced February 4 with this cast:

Philip V.....Eddie Heron	Estrella.....Lillian Hudson
Elizabetha.....Greta Risley	Capt. Vivar.....Frank M. Kelly
Ruyz.....Ley Vernon	Don Alvaro.....George Eaton Collins
Brother Nicolo.....Louis Casavant	Don Rodrigo.....Joseph Little
Peregil.....Owen Westford	Pedro.....William James
Fredegonda.....Isabelle Winloche	Pepita.....Betty Ohls
Spirit of Zorahayda.....Greta Risley	Frasquita.....Hazel Neason
Borardo.....Henry Norman	Jacinta.....Agnes Cain Brown

"The Rose of the Alhambra," with a dreary and obscure first act, recovers itself in the succeeding acts and has some successful features. The first act, and to some extent throughout, the opera is overloaded by the work of the stage manager, the most pestiferous worker of evil known to the stage of to-day. Unable to see further than his nose, he is constantly introducing something that impairs if it does not destroy the action. The commercial spirit of the manager also has something to do with the inefficiency of some well-planned operas. We are constantly informed that we are now going to have an old-fashioned comic opera, but the various people responsible for it fail to provide what distinguishes the old-fashioned comic opera, namely a consistent, intelligible plot.

This opera contains at least two plots, one that of a grand opera and the other that of a comic opera. The music corresponds to this disunity. Some of its songs composed by Mr. Lucius Hosmer are excellent. The attempt to base the play on historical data is a blunder, for an actual crazy king of Spain is not a fit subject for fantastic treatment in a drama. If Philip V was in the habit of feigning death, according to the whim of the moment, the whim or the necessity of it should be self-explanatory, and not depend upon the evidence derived from a translation from the "Historia de los Reyes de Espana" printed in the bill of the play, which simply helps to make the play ponderous and pretentious, which is wholly antagonistic to the spirit of a romantic comic opera. It is natural that the scenery should be fitting when it concerns the Alhambra, and the scenic decoration of the play is wise, both from the commercial and the romantic point of view.

The story of the play, if simplified, and if its several parts were correlated, would make the opera very acceptable. There are certain comic situations in it that would be much more amusing even with a king as deficient in spontaneous humor as Eddie Heron. It is not altogether his fault that he does not play the buffoon better. It is not worth the while to go into an extended discussion of the opera. It is enough to say that it is overloaded and needs simplifying. The remedy should easily be within the capacity of Charles Emerson Cook, the writer of the book and of the lyrics. Jacinta, Agnes Cain Brown, "the rose of the Alhambra," was formerly of the Bostonians, and in her various songs, both when gowned and when disguised as a youth, was agreeable and efficient. Henry Norman, experienced in comic opera, was artistic in his work as the chief of the brigands. Ley Vernon also was excellent as the page. There were other capable singers and actors in the cast, and they would all do better if the book were revised in full recognition of the fact that comic opera is subject to technical laws and should not be left to the mercies of a stage manager who may be capable enough in details, but who has no knowledge whatever of consistency and the principles of construction which are at the bottom of all success and entertainment. He should be made to know his place. He should be made to realize that he is the servant and not the master of the author. And somebody connected with the production should have authority enough to confine the action to one main thing.

MANHATTAN. "THE GIRL AND THE GOVERNOR." Comic opera by S. M. Brenner and Julian Edwards. Produced February 4 with this cast:

Don Pascal de Mesquita.....Jeff De Angelis	Donna Isadora.....Anna Boyd
Tacoma.....J. C. Miron	Carita.....Lillian Rhoades
Dick Kingsley.....Richie Ling	Happigowonda.....Myrtle Gilbert
Pedrillo.....Andrew Bogart	Paula.....Lorraine Bernard
Vasculia.....Arthur Barry	Bianci.....Victoria Stuart
Tremolo.....Russell Lennon	Lorello.....Marion Chase
Staccato.....Roland Carter	Waseto.....Veve Morton
Ruth Granville.....Estelle Wentworth	

Jefferson De Angelis is abundantly supplied with the spirit of humor, and his means of expression are quick and apt, from a training of many years in comic opera. In "The Girl and the Governor" he has a consistent story that never, although full of proper episode, departs from the one idea of the action. It is old fashioned in its elements, but it is old fashioned in a better way, in its technique. The scenery is appropriate, and as he knows that the scenery is not there to entertain people to any great extent, he puts the entertainment on the stage itself, close to the foot lights, and makes that entertainment depend upon himself and his coworkers in the vineyard of fantastic fun. The story is simple enough to be briefly told, and that is always a symptom of value.

De Angelis is the Spanish Governor of La Guayra in South America. He loves a girl he has in his possession because of a shipwreck on the coast. Her lover, an English sailor, comes to her rescue. She having pretended to be a vixen with a violent temper, he puts her in charge of this officer to tame her. There is a Spanish lady, past her prime, who admires the Governor and purchases a love potion from an Indian medicine man. She does not administer the potion her-



AGNES CAIN BROWN

Formerly of the Bostonians and now playing the star rôle in "The Rose of the Alhambra"



Frank Gillmore Henrietta Crosman Ernest Stallard
SCENE IN EARNEST DENNY'S NEW COMEDY "ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY" AT THE BIJOU THEATRE

self, but the medicine man does, with comical results, the absurd entanglement being solved in comic opera fashion. This slight story, developed with progressive action, affords many amusing episodes. The Governor's description of the various kinds of kisses is one. He explains the every-day kiss, the fond father's kiss, the husband's kiss when he wants a night off at the lodge, and finally the true lover's kiss. The little episode of presenting various articles, all of which the girl, in her pretense of violent temper, throws away is amusing. There is a serenade, in which different lovers to the number of six or seven join him, which is comical. The Governor's experiences with his large ruff and his misfit Spanish suit serve for much diversion.

Estelle Wentworth as the English girl contributes much with her song and animation, while J. C. Miron, the Indian medicine man, is a truly modern addition to old-fashioned comic opera.

The opera should be popular because it is genuine. Its point of interest is in its abundant humor. It has one vital, commanding point of interest. The dancing is incidental. The dancers do not wag their heads so often or go off the stage with so much of the ballet master's

figuring as to leave you in doubt as to what the main interest in the play is intended to be. In other words, the opera is not overloaded with incidental things.

It is about one main thing, and that is the "lost art" of play-writing, as well as the secret of all old-fashioned opera and of all new-fashioned opera that is worth seeing.

CRITERION. "THE AERO CLUB."
Comedy in three acts, by Sydney Rosenfeld. Produced January 28, with this cast:

Myrtle Webb.....	Lulu Glaser
Corey Biddle.....	Fritz Williams
Mrs. John Biddle.....	Mation Abbott
Young Mrs. Vandewater.....	Olive Wyndham
Mr. Rufus Vandewater.....	J. H. Bradbury
Capt. Horace Harper.....	Samuel Coit
Gen. Knivem.....	William Herbert
Mr. Grouch.....	Frank E. Lamb
Mr. Seaver.....	Edmund Lawrence
Dr. Alonzo Burr.....	William Sampson
Sophy.....	Ada Gilman
Stevens.....	Harry Odlin
Major Silas Rebling.....	John J. Pierson
Lady Alice Mandeville.....	Anna Johnson
Jack Chandler.....	Orme Caldera
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cochran.....	
	John F. Ward and Lizzie Conway

Timeliness is a marked characteristic of Sydney Rosenfeld's lighter plays. Two years ago he wrote "The Vanderbilt Cup" to meet the popular interest in automobiling. In his new comedy, "The Aero Club," aerial navigation, inclusive both of balloons and the wind-wagon, is made his theme. The play may serve its purpose of catering to the fad of the hour, but it is hardly likely to attain the same degree of favor which, thanks to much song and dance, its



Schloss, N. Y.

MINNIE DUPREE

Now appearing in the leading rôle of "The Road to Yesterday"

predecessor secured. The play is not bad of its kind. There are many bright lines and novel situations—witness the mustard bath in the foot-tub—and plenty of local color. But we object to the end. Let the fad have its hour and pass. Beyond the exploiting of Lulu Glaser in "legitimate" drama, there is nothing of any lasting value in the production. The wit that is rather thinly spread over a dry crust of plot might be scraped together into a tabloid playlet for the vaudeville stage. There is some genuine fun in the moving back and forth of the hands of the clock, even in the tub scene as well, which might be used in condensing the

interlarded here as to Myrtle's situation alone with Jack Chandler that is as unnecessary as garlic in an entrée and leaves as unpleasant a flavor. The scene of landing of the young couple in the Vandewater cottage, the foot-bath of mustard by the solicitous caretaker, and the advent and railing of Mrs. Biddle while Myrtle is in this undignified and helpless position, are briskly and humorously carried out. The third act drags hopelessly. Corey Biddle, at the instigation of his mother, breaks his engagement, Myrtle making it easy for him by confessing her motives for accepting him, but establishing a frank, hearty friend-



Members of the "Wine, Woman and Song" Company, who have been performing with great success at the Circle Theatre, this city, in short burlesques on current Broadway successes. In the skit on "The Music Master," a young actor named Alexander Carr, hitherto unknown to fame, and who is seen seated in the centre wearing a white and a black cloak, made a veritable sensation by his impersonation of David Warfield. The other prominent players' impersonations are readily recognized, among them Fay Templeton in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," Maude Adams in "Peter Pan," Geo. M. Cohan, Chauncey Olcott and others.

piece into a twenty-minute sketch. Mr. Rosenfeld states that he wrote the play in three weeks; perhaps this accounts for the slipshod construction of some of the scenes.

The play concerns the infatuation of Edith Vandewater, a young married woman, thirty years the junior of her husband, for one Jack Chandler, an amateur balloonist of dash and valor. Myrtle Webb, a western schoolmate and friend of Edith, has come to Lenox, and out of pique at the snubbing of the rich set, engaged herself to the catch of the season, Corey Biddle. She demonstrates with Edith against the latter's project of making the ascent in the prospective race with Jack Chandler. Edith is decided and goes to get ready for the ride. Myrtle, in order to save her friend's good name, gives out that the lady has a bad headache, and, by pretending to be madly in love with the young aeronaut, persuades him to take her in Edith's place. The balloon becomes unmanageable and the pair are kept out all night, being compelled to throw hats, shoes, and even Myrtle's velvet skirt overboard as ballast. There is an unpleasant suggestiveness

ship between them. Jack Chandler acknowledges that he has been a bold, bad man, with an emphasis on the *been*. A look into a woman's eyes and he sees a better future. He succeeds in making Myrtle believe in the sudden reform more completely than the audience, and she acknowledges the report of an engagement with Jack Chandler, which Edith, concerned with protecting reputations, has spread.

Lulu Glaser is like no one upon the stage or off. She has an infectious drollery, a gay grace and a chuckle that are irresistible. Her characterization of Myrtle Webb is breezy and living. She is not yet far enough away from the methods of musical comedy to resist playing for a laugh, when more effect might have been attained through quieter means. James H. Bradbury gave a capital bit of work as the elderly husband who was wiser than he looked, and Fritz Williams, as Corey Biddle, the young man whose sentences fell through in the middle, was delightfully unhackneyed and refreshing.

(Continued on page xiv.)

AT THE OPERA

TRULY, opera has won supremacy in New York. Even music lovers with brief memories can recall when opera was more or less incidental in the huge welter of concerts and the endless array of smaller recitals; but now concert givers come and go and, unless they be unusually important, they make small claims for public attention. Those who watch these matters interestedly wonder what has become of the army of smaller recital givers. They either have become discouraged in hoping to hold the attention of even a small part of the public ear, or they have gone to newer fields—fields not harrowed by ten or eleven opera performances each week for more than four months.

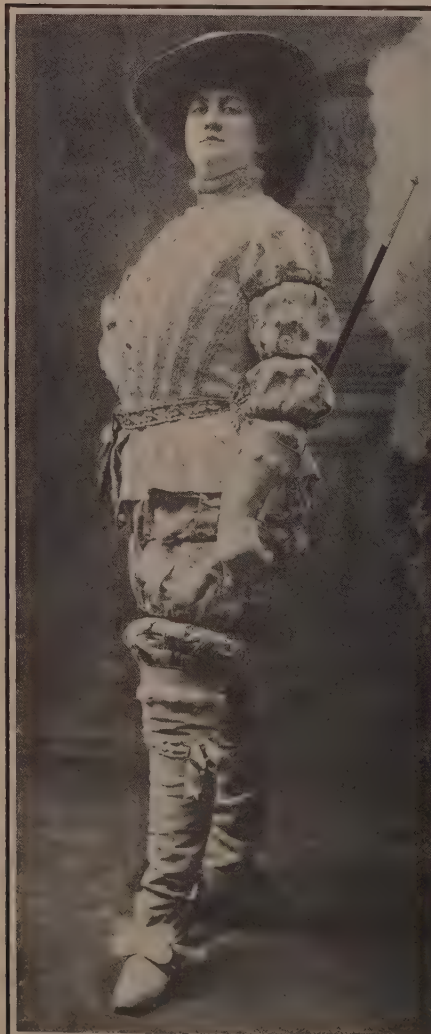
Opera, then, is king; and the public bows its ear to this musical and scenic majesty. Of the month's operatic events "Salome" was, of course, the most important. Its huge score and its grewsome book are touched upon elsewhere. The fates that mold the operatic end of things in New York have issued bans against the work, and it has been removed from the Metropolitan stage. Also it is most unlikely that any other city

in this country will see Strauss' "Salome," so it will probably hold the record in America for one consecutive performance.

Now to other, more cheerful things. We heard Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" at the Metropolitan and this was practically the first performance of this interesting work, since an earlier production of it, at Wallack's years ago, was given by a passing Italian company. Hearing it as we did the first thought that presented itself was why has not the Metropolitan management included this work in its repertoire sooner? Its music is beautifully lyrical and effectively dramatic; it is full of opportunities for the various principals and its story interests the public. The Massenet opera on the same subject has been treated far more graciously in New York, and yet the Puccini setting of this text deserves far more attention, as it is infinitely more dramatic. It is an early Puccini work, yet here are clearly traced the individual curves of this gifted composer's melodic outlines. Cavalieri sang the title rôle as she sings most things: with a great deal of earnest striving for artistic ends and with very and obviously limited vocal resources. Caruso



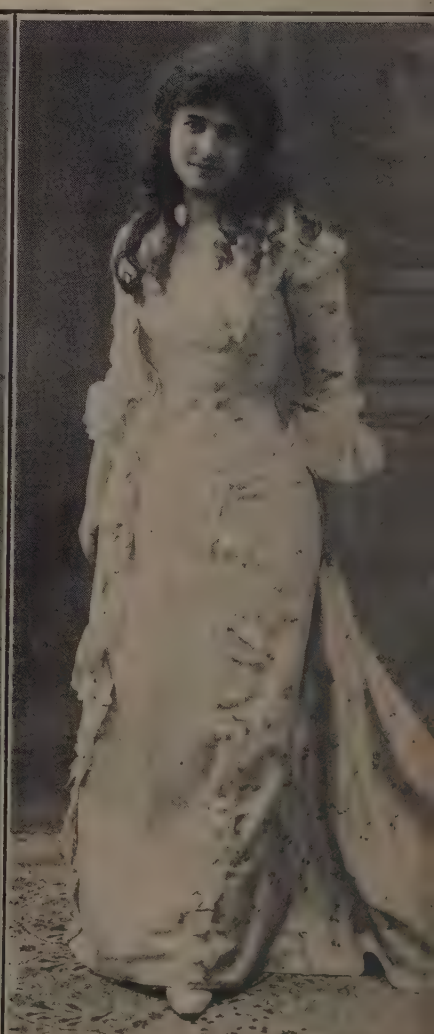
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CHARLES DALMORES AS MAURICO IN "TROVATORE"
(Manhattan Opera House)



Mishkin, N. Y.
Mme. Eleanora de Cisneros in "The Huguenots"



Copyright, Mishkin, N. Y.
Signor Sanmarco in "Pagliacci"



Mishkin, N. Y.
Mme. Bressler Gianoli in "Mignon"

THREE PROMINENT SINGERS AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

as Des Grieux sang and acted very well, and Scotti was admirable as Lescart. Rossi was wholly inadequate as Geronte, and Vigna conducted energetically. The work deserves frequent hearing, and it will undoubtedly take its place beside the beloved "La Bohème" and the admired "Tosca."

The début in this country of Mario Sammarco makes artistic claim for serious attention. Sammarco is an Italian baritone, of great renown in Italy and a favorite of Covent Garden. New Yorkers so frequently are enlisted in hearing the press praises of foreign artists sung in a highly transposed key that it usually pays little attention to the laudations that find their way across the water by mail and cable. Nevertheless a large audience assembled at the Manhattan Opera House to hear Sammarco, when he made his début, February first, in "I Pagliacci." This singer sang the prologue in a manner that actually brought the audience to its feet. There was a tumult of enthusiastic appreciation; and, if greetings be measured by loudness and length, Sammarco's greeting was the longest and the loudest that has befallen any strange artist here for years. There was legitimate reason for this, since Sammarco is undoubtedly one of the greatest Italian baritones that this country has heard. His voice is youthful, it is even, it is free of tremolo and it is of lovely quality. Furthermore, this singer is an exquisite artist in the use of the vocal powers that have been bequeathed to him. He achieves dramatic effects without shouting, he does not conclude every phrase as with a tinner's snips, and, in addition, he is an actor of no mean ability. Sammarco is another illustration that there are other good singers in the world save those to be heard at the Metropolitan, and that it is a possible thing to bring them to New York. This entire performance of "I Pagliacci" was a rousing one. Bassi sang Canio with tremendous force of action and great vocal power, and Donalda was a satisfying Nedda. Campanini again conducted stunningly—both this

work and the preceding "Cavalleria Rusticana." Dalmores, in this, was a Turidu of rare dramatic effectiveness. His singing of the opening serenade was disappointing, but after that Dalmores voiced the sheer and frank brutalities of this music most laudably. Russ was acceptable as Santuzza, and Seveilhac sang the Alfio music very well. There was swing and fire in this performance, as there was in the "Pagliacci," and the entire evening was again one of the rousing ones that quicken the pulses of the most case-hardened opera-goer. It was another Hammerstein success.

The day after, the Metropolitan management dug its "Carmen" out of its repertoire, and it proved to be one of the most curious performances of this work ever given here. Fremstad sang the title rôle as though she were in moral mourning for the late "Salome." It looked indeed as though she were trying to prove the possibility of a moral Carmen; and in doing so she refined all Carmen out of Carmen. It was as tame as possible, a Carmen that

would docilely eat out of Don José's hand. As a result all meaning went from the piece. Vocally this great artist was happy only in moments, and it was plain to be seen that Fremstad, monumental artist that she really is, was really out of mood with all the world and with the Metropolitan in particular. Rousselière

sang a Don José that made few claims for praise and that exhibited his vocal shortcomings more than any other rôle he has attempted here, and Journet's Escamillo was disappointing in its singing. Bovy did conventional things with this conventional score, and the performance went calmly to sleep as often as possible.

There have been indispositions at the Metropolitan and, while this is not a medical journal, these illnesses need be recorded, inasmuch as they forced singers into new rôles. Mme. Eames sprained a knee ligament while bidding adieu to her dachshund—so Cavalieri sang Floria Tosca without stage rehearsal, and she did it surprisingly well. Then Caruso lost his voice in an abyss of huskiness, and so, with a change of bill, Cavalieri sang Mimi for the first time in New York. She was not satisfying, as the lyric loveliness of this music displayed the weakness of her equipment as a singer all too plainly. And finally, Sembrich was made a thrall of by the weather, and Bessie Abbott sang a painstaking Violetta that was sadly in need of rehearsing; also did she bravely sing a Lady Enrichetta, in "Marta," in place of Sembrich.

There remain but two new features to discuss: the revival at the Metropolitan of Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" and the first performance at the Manhattan of "Il Barbiere di Seviglia." The latter was exquisitely done, Bonci being delightful as Almaviva, and Pinkert at her best as Rosina, the latter rôle giving this artist numberless opportunities for the display of her remarkable vocal agility. Ancona was a good Figaro and Gilibert was inimitable as Don Bartolo. Campanini did wonders with this score again, opening up new and fresh

beauties and infusing a spirit of light-hearted gaiety in this music.

"L'Africaine" at the Metropolitan was scenically beautiful. Fremstad as Selika coped with difficulty with this high rôle, and she raised the regret that all this was wasted on so meagre a success as this Meyerbeer bombast. Caruso was good at first, but he was wonderful in his "O Paradiso" aria. Stracciari as Nelusko was unusually bad, while Plançon and Journet earned their usual praise for beautiful singing.

Melba continues her operatic tournée at the Manhattan, and she draws huge audiences to this opera house and then draws enthusiasm from these audiences. Her voice is still of amazing beauty, and her trills leave the audience breathless.

Saint-Saëns' "Hélène" will be produced at the Manhattan Opera House shortly. Mme. Melba will sing the rôle of Hélène, which she created when the work was first produced at Monte Carlo in 1903.



Mishkin, N. Y.

SIGNOR AMADEO BASSI IN "PAGLIACCI"
(Manhattan Opera House)



An Interview with Edward Grieg

By ARCHIE BELL



EDWARD GRIEG, who composed eight musical selections to accompany the dramatic action of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," in which Richard Mansfield is now appearing, is living quietly at his birthplace in Bergen, Norway. Last spring he accepted the invitation of musical societies to conduct three performances of his own works in London, Paris and Amsterdam. He considered this journey his last pilgrimage into the world.

I met him at Copenhagen as he was homeward bound. He was going overland, because, as he declared: "The sea voyage would kill me. That is the only reason I have never been to America. At one time I saw a newspaper

article to the effect that some chap or other had conceived a scheme for constructing a tunnel across Behring Straits. I sat up and took notice. I was interested in that scheme because one of my dreams since boyhood had been to visit the great United States. But, alas! the tunnel has not been built. I am so old and feeble now that I shall not venture away from home again—tunnel or no tunnel. The Fates have been kind to me in some ways, but they denied to me the physical powers to combat the evil effects of *mal de mer*. Norway is the land of seamen—the very home of sea-rovers, but this son of Norway could never venture on water without suffering the tortures of hell! A few hours' voyage completely unnerves me; a week of it would kill me."

As he chatted the diminutive composer sat at the table of a street café in the Radhueleplaz. He was folded tightly in a heavy homespun shawl, although the rays of the warm summer sun were beating full upon him. He was thin and bloodless. Threatened with an early death when a youth by the complete exhaustion of one of his lungs, he has gradually sunk beneath the burden of constant illness, and is now awaiting the final summons.

He was eating raw red herring, and between bites and a constant drawing of the shawl tighter about him, he chatted thus, in answer to my questions: "I shall never compose any more music, and oh, I had so much more work to do! Opera? Who can say that I might not have composed an opera if I had been as strong as other human beings seem to be? My first pretentious effort at composition was to have been an opera. Björnson wrote the libretto and the work progressed nicely. I believe that portions of this work are sung in America in concert form. Then I met the great composer Gade. It was right here in this very Copenhagen. I took to him my early work, and after he had looked it over he said: 'Young man, go home and write a symphony.' Then one day Henrik Ibsen wrote and asked me to write the incidental music for the performance of 'Peer Gynt' at Christiania. I executed this commission, which was a labor of

love. It met with instant favor, and the world knows the rest. I have been devoting my life to a tone transcription of the scenes of Norway and an elaboration of her folk songs. Your own composer, Edward MacDowell, has been doing the same work with the folk songs of the American Indians. Great composer was MacDowell! I wonder if the American people will never awaken to a full realization and appreciation of his work. They have not yet done so. I live far away, but I keep in touch with all such things. It pains me deeply to think that MacDowell will do no more work. He was so young when he laid aside his pen!

"The sad news of MacDowell's condition and the death of

Ibsen has reached me since I left home. Both cause me great pain. Of the former I think what he might have accomplished had health been spared; and although Ibsen lived to accomplish practically all that even the intellectual giant that he was could hope to do in a lifetime, his death leaves a void in the world. One of the really great men of all time has laid down his pen.

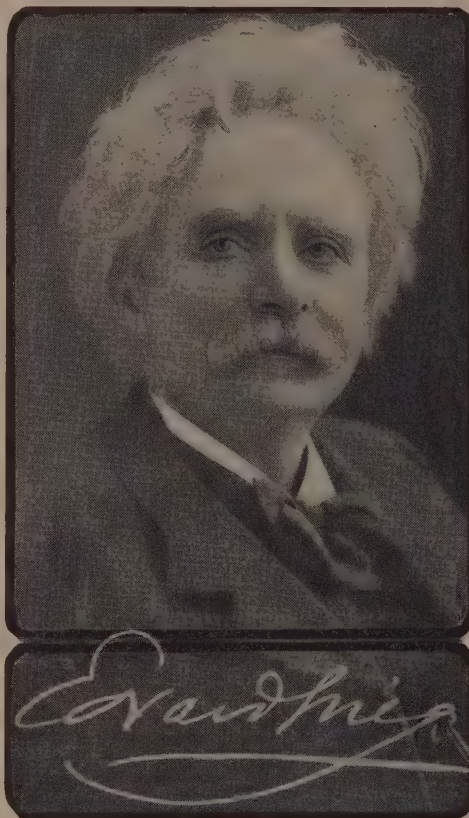
"In a measure you Americans may feel that you appreciate what Ibsen meant to his country, but you merely catch his reflected greatness. I believe that Europe is far ahead of America in realizing Ibsen's influence for good. I believe that he is still misunderstood outside of Norway and Northern Europe.

"The way to approach Ibsen is by taking Ibsen himself. In his own country and in the countries that have come under his influence the power of Ibsen was first discovered by witnessing the Ibsen dramas. He requires no intermediary, no 'gradual development.' His message is plain to children. Until America realizes this you will never know the real Ibsen."

Just then the little Hungarian orchestra in the café struck up the strains of "Anitra's Dance," from the first "Peer Gynt" suite. The old composer smiled

and listened with apparent pleasure to the incompetent rendition of his work. At its close he arose and bowed to the leader of the orchestra, who seemed to be experiencing the happiest moment of his life. Had he not been recognized by the great Dr. Grieg? The people at the other tables applauded vigorously and Grieg bowed again to all of them.

When he sat down, pulled the shawl about his shoulders and continued: "Dear, good people, these Danes! Dear old city Copenhagen! I have had so many pleasures here; so many struggles and so many successes. Now I shall leave Copenhagen forever. It has always been *au revoir*! When I take the train to-morrow it will be good-by forever. Grieg is almost through, and the end must come in his native land. You will come to the train to-morrow to see me go? If so, I shall be glad to see you. If not, and I never see you again, tell all my friends in America how I would have loved to visit them there. America has been kind and generous to old Grieg! I should have loved to see your country. But now it is too late—too late!"



EDWARD GRIEG

The distinguished Norwegian composer who wrote the incidental music for "Peer Gynt"

Ermete Novelli Coming to America

At last it is tolerably certain that Signor Ermete Novelli, Italy's foremost actor, will be seen this season in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. On several occasions the coming of this great actor has been announced, then for reasons unexplained to the public, his visit was suddenly postponed. It is now announced that he will positively appear here in March under the direction of the Shuberts. At present writing, the tragedian is acting in the city of Mexico, but as he is compelled to be in New York in March in order to appear in a law suit brought by him against an American firm of theatre managers whom he alleges broke their contract with him, it was an easy matter to arrange with the Shuberts for a series of performances. There is considerable curiosity among American theatregoers to see this actor of whom so much has been heard. It will be his first visit to the United States, although he is well-known in almost every other country. Novelli is now in the prime of his career. He resembles Coquelin in intellectual subtlety of characterization, no less than in certain distinctively natural methods of his art. In Italy he has been the foremost champion of the modern natural school of acting, of which with his marvelous mobility of features, range of vocal expression, ease of gesture and straight simplicity of style he is to-day one of the best living exponents. He first made his reputation in the line of comic *jeune premiers*. This seemed manifest destiny, with the big-nosed comedy mask which nature had given him. He wisely shunned the poetico-romantic. Character parts, both light and heavy, soon became his specialty and it was not long before his active mind reached out for the world's dramatic masterpieces. His repertoire to-day is the most varied of any actor's in the world, ranging from the *Œdipus Rex* of Sophocles and *Hamlet* to the modern French farces. Below will be found a study of Novelli in his greatest rôles written for the *THEATRE MAGAZINE* by Benjamin de Casseres, a New York journalist now living in the city of Mexico.

IGNOR NOVELLI'S conception of Shylock is absolutely original. Booth made of Shylock a melancholy wandering Jew. Mansfield makes of him a demon of hatred. Novelli among all the actors who have tried this difficult rôle has brought to the surface in stark nakedness the subtlety of the Jew of Venice, subtlety that is more in the subtlety of an individual than of his ducats and his daughter in that it mirrors the cunning, the subterranean hate, the watchward of a degraded, wronged people.

The study is atomic. Novelli's features are the minutiae of a soul. His face is now a mask for calculated stupidity, now a dumb show of volcanic emotions; the eyes bed of their lights by a thought sits heavy upon his inquietude, then suddenly transversed by mockery, triumph, unspeakable agony—the great round pupils becoming two grimacing devils from his postures slavish, kingly, treacherous, as flexible as his desires, crooked to the angle of his hands, a gymnast of expectations, an insinuating worm, a twisted, broken father chased by the dirty sins of Venice—thus has Novelli followed Hamlet's injunction of "letting the action to the word," bringing to us, through the wonder of his art, a creature whose vengefulness, unmerited sufferings and demoniacal furiousness leave tracks in the memory from act to act and long after the final curtain.

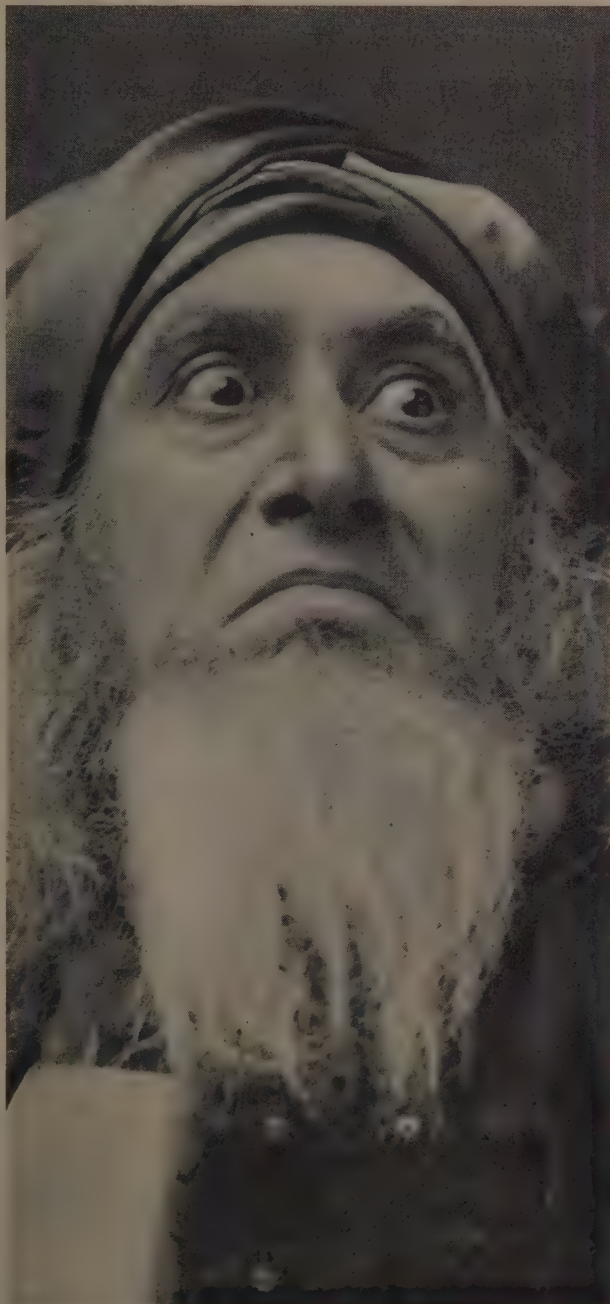
In the first act, in the scene on the balcony with Bassanio and Antonio, Novelli's reserve—the crouching reserve of the cat before it pounces on the mouse—is thrown upon the stage in clear relief by the manner in which he calls "Jessica! Jessica!" for Bassanio and Antonio have deceived him. He calls for his daughter only, deeply, where a moment before, in the presence of his two Christian customers, he had been

all cunning, as full of wiles as a coquette, naïve, entrenched behind his rampart of Oriental-Italian diplomacy. Here it is in that first act that Novelli bodies forth the puzzling complexity of the Jew of Venice. Complex he is beyond all the other characters of Shakespeare, even more complex than Hamlet, of whom we

always know his next act; but in the case of Shylock—at least in the shadowy but extraordinarily clear conception that Novelli has of him—we are always in doubt as to whether he really will take his pound of flesh. Shadowy, but clear—that is the Shylock of the first act, like a shadow cut clear against a blazing sunlight.

In the trial scene—and here it is that the test of the intelligence of an actor who undertakes Shylock is made—Novelli's reserve is admirable. Reserve! Reserve! that is the shibboleth of great acting. The absence of it mars Mansfield's acting and the possession of it makes of Duse and Novelli supreme masters of their art. In the trial scene there is every temptation to overstep, every invitation to rant; but Novelli never "plays to the gallery." He does not sharpen his knife to take his pound of flesh, as some actors have done, like a butcher about to hack a dead bull. Novelli's eyes glitter like his blade, his teeth open like a cannibal's about to eat a succulent babe; he sharpens the blade to the hidden movement of a dream—the dream of a fiend about to settle an old account. His face is the beatification of maliciousness, the triumphant apotheosis of spleen.

And when the decision is rendered against him the swollen bladder bursts, the puffed spite of this money hawk crumbles to a slimy, groveling humility, and he vanishes from the scene after spitting out the word "Christian"—squirting like vitriol from a syringe—at those in the courtroom and leaves us wondering at the superb art of Novelli



ERMETE NOVELLI AS SHYLOCK

and the transcendent dramatic instinct of William Shakespeare.

Shakespeare conceived "Lear" in a bitter moment, and wrought it out on the lines of the great Greek masterpieces. Victor Hugo has said that "King Lear" is the excuse for Cordelia. "Shakespeare carried Cordelia in his thought, and created that tragedy like a god, who having an Aurora to put forward makes a world expressly for it." This is one of Hugo's exaggerations. Shakespeare wrote "King Lear" for the same purpose, conscious or unconscious that Æschylus wrote his "Prometheus," or Sophocles the "Œdipus Rex," or Byron his "Cain." The mightiest dramas deal with the war between the gods and mankind, the immemorial struggle of the human being with that unspiritual god of the universe, Circumstance. The great Unknown God is blind. He holds the lightning in his hand, and we call it Law; he grinds the human being in the dust with a movement of His foot, and we call it Necessity.

In "King Lear" Shakespeare aimed to depict the most terrible war that could be conceived of. He aimed at nothing less than an exposition of universal anarchy. He sought out the profoundest instinct in men and women—the love of parent for children, of brother for brother—and set them at war—civil war. In a malign universe nothing is impossible. He seems to say, Behold I show you the hideous possibilities inherent in a world where there is only Fate! I will show you father against daughter, daughter against father, brother against brother, and son against parent! In "King Lear" I will strip nature and the Unknown God of all the sentimental finery that faith and belief have decked them out in and bludgeon kings to the earth, where they shall sprawl like worms, ridiculed and spurned by their children; I will put children born out of wedlock into place and power and drive the good of heart into the storm-riven heath, where they shall live on toads and roots and offal; and men shall be played upon as Edmund plays upon the faith of his father; I will put out the eyes of conquerors, and make kings and fools herd together and lie down on dirty straw beds, while on high the gods shall laugh in the thunder and lightning, seeing thus the straits of man; the gods shall laugh and pass on the naked winds—for man is like an autumn leaf in the wind. Thus, rather, did Shakespeare conceive his great tragedy of "Lear."

But he gave us Cordelia. She is the modern Antigone.

There is nothing more majestic in all dramatic literature than this woman whose soul is as spotless as her tunic. She stands out silhouetted against all that gloom and that series of sinister catastrophes like a white dove that wings its way through giant thunderclouds. In her human love comes into its own. Man may expect nothing from on high; he is the sport of the gods. But here on earth is the balm, and Cordelia, proud, lofty of spirit, is destined to hold her father in death and smooth to rest the turbulent waves of unreason that beat out the light in that old man's brain.

Signor Novelli's Lear is a fit companion to his Shylock.

In his very first gestures in the first act he strikes the keynote of the tragedy. In his querulous shake of the head, his munching a toothless mouth, his gimlet-like glance of suspicion at courtiers when he mounts the throne, he shows already the beginnings, the foundations of that malady which helped along circumstances was to do its deadly work in that brain. No

tail, however minute, has escaped Novelli. From his first entrance he unwinds an inexorable chain of Lear's destiny, depicting with a startling knowledge of the pathetic, the crumbling of a capulous, irritable, proud tyrant.

That children have rights that are superior to parents' love is something that never had entered the brain of Lear. The revolt of Cordelia is to him the extinction of the universe; he seems to hear timber very timbers cracking. Curses after curse he rains upon his daughters as they grow tired of his absurd claims. Novelli never rants. In storms, he glares, he struggles in his impotency; he spits at the world; he bays, gnaws, scratches, mews, howls—running the gamut of fury. In these scenes, leaning on the cataleptic, the marvelous facial expressions which Novelli is the master to come into play. His face literally becomes his soul. The muscles covered with skin as absolutely at the command of this facile actor as are the keys of a piano under the fingers of a great pianist.



Harris-Ewing

VALESKA SURRAT

The so-called Gibson girl now appearing in "The Belle of Mayfair" at Daly's

Novelli is a Paderewski of the histrionic art.

In the heath scene—one of the most marvelous things in Shakespeare—Lear becomes the king of a fantastic realm, a sovereign of the elements, insulted by God and man and daughter. Novelli here shows his excellent reserve by never stepping over that line as thin as a hair—that divides the sublime from the ridiculous.

But it is in the death scene with Cordelia that he strikes his highest note in his art. The broken old man carrying in his arms his daughter—what pathos in his voice! What heart-rending solitude! What exquisite tenderness! What a piteous dumb appeal he makes to the vengeful gods! Why was it thus? Why did he strike his beloved one in death at that moment? Why, oh, why, at the instant of the coming springtide in that old man's heart should Fate spread winter through their veins and set upon their heads the hoarfrost of the grave?

Shakespeare does not answer. Novelli depicts the problem without an answer, and the rest is—silence.

Signor Novelli also has in his repertoire "Povera Gente," a three-act drama by Franco Liberati, founded on the famous book of the same name, by Feodor Dostoevsky. Dostoevsky's life was more terrible than anything he ever wrote. Lunacy, poverty, exile were some of the things that stamped his face with the grim despair that made of it a broken façade to a haunted house which Vallotin put so memorably into his portrait of him.

The book is better than the play. Signor Liberati has done the best he could with the materials he had. It is rather a series

(Continued on page v.)



ELLEN TERRY AND JAMES CAREW
In George Bernard Shaw's play "Captain Brassbound's Conversion"



Byron, N. Y.

SALOME DANCING BEFORE HEROD

“Salome” at the Metropolitan Opera House

AS predicted by the THEATRE MAGAZINE a year ago, the performance in New York of Richard Strauss' one-act opera “Salome” aroused a tempest of protest. The owners of the Opera House who rarely, if ever, interfere with the management, requested Mr. Conried to immediately withdraw this revolting work, on the ground that it was objectionable and detrimental to the best interests of the Metropolitan Opera House. John Pierpont Morgan, W. K. Vanderbilt and August Belmont were among the directors who insisted on the performance being stopped, and Mr. Morgan is said to have declared that he would rather refund from his own pocket the entire cost of the production than have another performance given within the walls of the Opera House. Mr. Conried was powerless to resist such influence as this and the piece was taken off. The case is practically without precedent. No manager of prominence has ever received a more stinging rebuke in the history of the New York stage. Strauss' music is conceded to possess tremendous power and beauty, but not a voice was raised in defense of the degrading libretto. It was not a matter, as its apologists pretended, of splitting hairs on the ground of immorality. Salome in her transports of rage and gross sensuality is no less respectable a person than the Saphos, the Zazas, the Mrs. Warrens and other red-light heroines of the contemporary stage. It was not the character of Salome nor her voluptuous dance of the Seven Veils which offended. It was the repulsive gressomeness, the shuddering horror of the woman fondling a decapitated head, that sickened the public stomach. Mr. Her-

mann Klein, in an article in this magazine published last March entitled “Is Richard Strauss the Evil Genius of Modern Music?” said: “Strauss' power is colossal, and, knowing it, he abuses it to crush out the sweetness, the fragrance, and the grace from one of the divinest of human tributes. He possesses an ample creative gift; yet even as he creates he destroys. He refuses free rein to his inspiration; what is worse, he forces its offspring to an abortive birth, and he clothes the monstrosities which result therefrom in the garments of the misshapen, the repellent, and the loathsome. What is the motive of Richard Strauss in stooping to employ such an ignoble medium for the outward expression of his musical consciousness? Had the advanced protagonist of up-to-date program music grown so blasé, so barren of ideas, after his cacophonous deliriums of delirium and death, insanity and domestic squabbles, that a more and more stimulating source of inspiration became indispensable? Was he willing merely to wallow in the mire of the vulgarly sensational and drag his art down with him to the depths of a fresh abyss? He has already debauched the modern orchestra; perhaps he thought it was time to do as much for the modern music-drama. To the great world of music-lovers, who find delight in the highest manifestations of this art, it may seem pitiable that a master equipped so powerfully as Richard Strauss should condescend to handle such despicable and unworthy weapons.” The article which follows gives an account of the Metropolitan production from the viewpoint of the music critic:

RICHARD STRAUSS' “Salome,” the latest of music dramas and a work that has had nearly all musical Germany by the ears, was given for the first time in America on February 22 at the Metropolitan Opera House. Its introduction to the American public was a misguided affair, for it was coupled with a miscellaneous sublimated Sunday night concert that was the most unfit musical mate to yoke with this grewsome Strauss work. The varied bill of this concert served to waft into thin air any attempt at seriousness that might have possessed this

audience, and, as a result, the “Salome” shudders were intensified.

It has been recorded in the columns of some of the daily papers that hundreds of auditors fled the building and “Salome.” This is hardly true. A few folks straggled out before the end of the Strauss work, but this may be explained very logically by the fact that it was late and that the silly concert and the long intermission had wearied most of the listeners. If these same scandal-mongering reporters were to peep into the house during the last act of “Tannhäuser” or “Tristan” they would see a p

mission of opera-wearied people streaming from the auditorium. As a matter of fact "Salome" was received by the audience with much reverence as could be expected, considering the manner in which it was introduced to this public.

Strauss' "Salome" is not a pleasant work. It follows a German translation of Oscar Wilde's text very closely, omitting a few minor characters and some unimportant incidents. Everything of vital interest is left unchanged, and Strauss, in his music, calls Oscar Wilde's spade a spade. The work is in one act, and its single scene is a terrace and courtyard of Herod's palace. Its time is night, and the moon is flooding the stage. Within the palace Herod is at banquet, while on the terrace soldiers are distributed at watch, and their captain, Narraboth, is gazing into the palace and is singing the praises of Salome's beauty. He is in love with her. Salome escapes from the feast and comes into the moonlit night. She loathes the glances of Herod and the noise of the assembled company. From out of the depths of a cistern in the back of the courtyard there comes a voice which interests her, and she learns from the guard that John the Baptist—Jokanaan, as he is called by Wilde—is confined in the cistern, a prisoner of Herod. Her curiosity prompts her, and she asks that this holy man be freed and brought before her.

Narraboth refuses, and she bewitches him with attention until the young officer orders the cistern to be opened. John the Baptist arises out of its depths and walks into the open, the eyes of Salome following every move. Immediately she is fascinated by this man, and a tempest of passion sways her. She wants his praises, but he does not heed her; she reviles his hideousness, and he pays no attention to her. The love-sick Narraboth, driven frantic by Salome's love for this man, stabs himself and his body falls between Salome and John the Baptist. Salome does not heed his death nor his corpse, but continues to pour out her love for the prophet. Finally, when he asks her who she is, and when she declares herself to be Salome, Princess of Judea, John the Baptist curses her and again descends into the cistern.

Salome sits brooding on the palace steps, plotting revenge when Herod, Herodias and the guests stream from the palace. Herod is a debauched wreck. He imagines heat and cold in the same instant, fancies he hears the sighing of wind and the moaning of fate. He beseeches Salome to sit with him; he covers his ears to the shrieking dispute of five Jews, and he is annoyed by the voice of John the Baptist as it comes from out of the cistern. He pleads with Salome to dance for him, swearing an oath that her reward will be anything she may demand. At this Salome prepares herself for the dance of the Seven Veils and appears before him. After she has danced she asks for the head of John the Baptist on a silver charger. Herod is aghast, but she persists. Herod offers her jewels and peacocks, but

she demands the head of the prophet. Unstrung and wild with delirium, Herod orders that her wish be fulfilled, and the executioner, with bared sword, descends into the well. A fearful silence hangs over the scene, while Salome crouches over the edge of the cistern and listens. There is a muffled sound, and then the arm of the executioner appears, his hand supporting a silver charger upon which is the severed head of the Baptist. Salome, in triumph, seizes this and carries it to the front of the stage, where she exults over it and sings of her love. She bemoans the fact that these lips had been denied her in life, and then she proceeds to kiss them. Herod, watching, proclaims her a monster, and finally, when Salome has kissed the dead lips, he shrills to his soldiers: "Kill that woman!"

Herod's soldiers crush Salome under their shields and the curtain descends brusquely.

This is the stuff out of which Strauss' music drama is fashioned, and the offending parts are obvious. But let no man judge of the brutalities of this libretto unless he has heard the music which surrounds this text, for this music is the secret of the success of the work. It grips the listener with tremendous force and compels him into an awesome admiration. Strauss' score is huge

(Continued on page vi.)



Byron, N. Y.

SALOME (MME. FREMSTADT) RECEIVING THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST FROM THE EXECUTIONER



Hallen

MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA AS NORA IN IBSEN'S PLAY "A DOLL'S HOUSE"

Mme. Alla Nazimova as Ibsen's Nora

WHETHER they are generally appreciated or not, the fact remains that Ibsen's plays provide rare opportunities for true histrionic talent. They are veritable war horses for the gifted. Models of technical accomplishment, their characters, however provincial they may be in details, are none the less individuals balanced with perfect theatrical skill and instinct with the vital messages of pulsating humanity.

The remarkable impression which the Russian actress, Mme. Alla Nazimova, made as Hedda Gabler has been more than emphasized by her recent rendering of Nora in "A Doll's House." That she is able to impersonate two such widely divergent characters with the consummate skill which she has evidenced, speaks wonders for the rare versatility of her polished art. To accomplish, too, what she has done in a vernacular foreign to her is still further cause for wonder and praise.

Her Hedda had all the brilliancy, viciousness and alluring charm associated with that somewhat abnormal character, her Nora has all the youthful spontaneity, feverish unrest and introspective self-assertion that goes with Torvald, Helmer's child wife.

It is a creation not intermittently inspiring, but a sustained and

soul-revealing study of the ingenuous side as well as the found depths of Nora's misunderstood character.

There was particular graciousness of deep affection in scenes with the children, the interviews with Dr. Rank was graphically expressed in many illuminating details of light and shade; and the *Tarantella* was executed with much natural sensuous charm.

But it was in the final act that Mme. Nazimova revealed full sweep and depth of her natural art. Her repose is marvelous in its expressiveness, and when the true weakness of her husband's character was revealed her instant appreciation of the wide gulf that separates their souls was delivered with a wild outburst of righteous indignation that was electrifying in its effect. From that point on to her departure the studied calm was splendidly impressive.

Dodson Mitchell's performance of Helmer was a model of insular prejudice and narrowmindedness of the egoist. In finish, variety and subtlety of expression the last act has never been better played. A calmly sustained and picturesque rendering of Dr. Rank was furnished by Theodore Friebeus.

John Philip Kemble

Founder of the Kemble Dynasty

By HETTIE GRAY BAKER

ONE hundred and fifty years ago, February 1, 1757, there was born in the little village of Prescott, Lancashire, a son to the strolling players, Roger and Sarah Kemble. This son, brought up amid all the sordid hardships and miserable makeshifts which fell to the lot of strolling players, was, thanks to his father's ambition, designed for the priesthood and well educated in the English college at Douai, France. After four years here he became a strolling player himself, and by natural genius and ceaseless effort rose at length to the pinnacle of fame. He retired June 23, 1817, and after a few years of travel on the Continent, died at Lausanne, February 26, 1823.

Such in brief is the story of John Philip Kemble, the founder of the Kemble dynasty, and one of the great names in English dramatic annals. His career began opportunely. Garrick retired the season that Kemble turned from study to the stage. The most wonderful of the Kembles, his sister, Mrs. Siddons, already a favorite in the provinces and soon to take London by storm, was always a generous helper, and Edmund Kean, the only actor who seriously threatened his supremacy, did not appear until some thirty years later.

After leaving Douai in 1775 Kemble spent two years in that rudest of training schools, a company of strolling players, but his fine spirit remained uncoarsened; and the three following seasons, spent at the York Theatre under Tate Wilkinson, and on the provincial circuit, were years of hard work, intelligent study of leading rôles and steady progress. In 1781 came an opportunity second only to a London offer—an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, at the "star" salary of five pounds a week. His success there, though not extraordinary, was sincere and firmly rooted.

This indeed was typical. The pit never "rose at him," as it did at Kean, in an ecstasy of delight as a new genius flamed upon them, but he gained step by step and year by year enthusiastic love and admiration until the end.

His début in London was at Drury Lane, September 30, 1783; the rôle Hamlet, and the interpretation sufficiently original to arouse the usual profitable storm of criticism. But it was so carefully conceived and so finely executed, the character invested with such beauty of person and dignity of bearing, that Kemble assumed at once a leading position. In 1788 he became manager—no sinecure under Sheridan's spendthrift carelessness—and then began that production of classical plays with attention to historical correctness, which Macready, Charles Kean, Phelps and Irving continued to such lengths. The most brilliant of these was Coriolanus, which became indissolubly connected with his name. In this rôle he won his greatest triumph, and although the his-

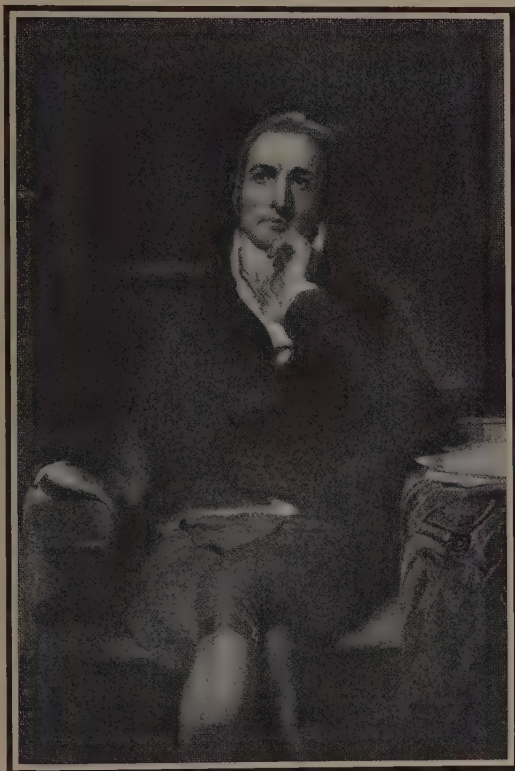
torian should not forget his Macbeth, Hamlet or Rolla, it is as "the noblest Roman of them all" that, like the old playgoer, we wish to think of him standing "beneath the triumphal arch . . . in his simple, graceful, crimson robe, with his black head uncovered and his attitude dictated by the very spirit of classic taste." The measured declamation, awe-inspiring dignity, stately tread and absolute self-possession which counted against him in certain rôles, made Coriolanus the more effective. When Mrs. Siddons appeared with him as Volumnia their audiences witnessed a performance which has never been equaled.

Kemble and Mrs. Siddons stayed at Drury Lane until 1802, when Sheridan's erratic conduct drove them to Covent Garden, of which Kemble became part owner, and where he continued to act until his retirement. Both as owner and actor his career was checkered. For a whole season he was cast in the shade by the mania for Master Betty; a few seasons later the theatre and its contents were burned to the ground, and on the re-opening occurred the costly O. P. riots, when for sixty-six nights the public fought for the old prices, and though compromising, won a virtual victory. And this in turn was followed by Kean's meteoric career, a success distinctly embarrassing to Kemble, coming when he no longer had the help of Mrs. Siddons' genius, and when a change from the stately formalisms habit had made second nature was not unwelcome. He had reached his zenith some years before, but continued to act until 1817.

In person Kemble was very handsome, much resembling his sister; his features were clear-cut, he was tall and graceful, his bearing distinguished. He was essentially an intellectual actor, yielded little to passion, and never to the moment's mood. He delighted in the searching study of a rôle, and laid

so much stress on unimportant details of gesture and pronunciation as to sacrifice art to pedantry. His manner was more calculated to inspire awe than affection, and many of his interpretations appealed more to the head than to the heart. Apparently opposed to this is the fact that, except Coriolanus, his most popular rôle was the romantic Rolla, and Charles Lamb says of him: "No man could deliver brilliant dialogue—the dialogue of Congreve and Wycherley—because none understood it half so well as John Kemble. . . . The relaxing levities of tragedy have not been touched by any since him."

His name now is but a memory, and there is none left of the Kemble school, but let us not forget that the stage is to-day indebted to him, because of the appreciation he taught his public for historical accuracy, adequate settings and scholarly consideration of classic rôles, and for the very great influence of his private life and public career in raising the social status of his profession.



JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE

From the painting by Sir T. Lawrence



Otto Sarony Co.

JOHN FORBES ROBERTSON

The distinguished English actor-manager, who is now making a tour of the United States

An Interview with John Forbes Robertson

(CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 52)

FORBES ROBERTSON, the English actor upon whom it is assumed Sir Henry Irving's mantle has fallen, sat at a table in his suite in a New York hotel. The breakfast débris had been cleared and a mass of English mail was heaped upon the table's shining mahogany surface. One letter only had been opened of all this mail from home. It was addressed in an untutored hand, and the envelope was cheap and old fashioned. A few lines had been scrawled upon the paper that fell from it. Of this scrap of paper beautiful Mrs. Forbes Robertson, whom we all know as Gertrude Elliott, immediately possessed herself, while her stately husband seized the kodak prints that also fell from it with long fingers that trembled with emotion. The lean Forbes Robertson face was illumined by the rare Forbes Robertson smile. His wife gave one swift, delightful glance at the pictures and pushed them shyly across the table to the caller.

"The children," she said in a fluttering little half whisper.

"The mail has just come from England," began her husband.

"And the nurse says the children are perfectly well."

The young mother, still in a flutter of shy pride, came around

the table and introduced the little ones to the interviewer.

"This is Maxine. We named her after my sister. Maxine Frances Mary is her full name. The last two names are for Mr. Forbes Robertson's mother, but at home she is called Blossom."

A dark, serious child's face looked at us from the kodak print, a face as regular of feature and classic as to line as Maxine Elliott's own. It was a small replica of the woman whom Von Lembach said was the world's greatest beauty.

"And this," went on the English actor's American wife, "is Jean—Jean Adelaide. We liked the name Jean, and Adelaide is my mother's name. But Jean and Adelaide are mere formalities. To all of the household she is just Tiny."

Tiny sat enthroned in a perambulator, with sister Blossom and two nurses in solemn attendance. Her face was round, her hair by her lovely mother's own confession, "sandy," and her eyes blue. She was chubby and merry, a very child. Maxine might have been a dark-eyed statue carved from blue-veined marble. Their mother gazed upon them as a devotee looks upon a shrine. Their father tried to talk about dramatic art and the old school

and the new, but he broke off abruptly as his eye fell again upon the photograph of his elder daughter, aged four.

"The last time I tried to paint a picture she was the subject," he said. "It was a failure because the original wouldn't be still."

Forbes Robertson was a painter, and a good one, before he became an actor. He has painted nearly all the celebrities on the English stage, his friend, the late Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and among the score of theatric notables, his own wife.

"I would have been well satisfied with the brush," said the actor gravely. He speaks gravely always except when he talks of his children or his wife. "But a painter's work is slow, and it requires many years for him to earn the money that an actor can earn in a year if he is only equally successful. So it happened by a mere chance that I went upon the stage. The opportunity was offered me. I tried an engagement. I liked it. That was thirty-two years ago. I have been on the stage ever since. I am content with my choice of a profession, but I have never quite given up my painting. It is a counter-irritant after a fagging season to forget my weariness in painting a picture."

Mrs. Forbes Robertson laughed her shy, girlish laugh as she exclaimed that even as her husband had set about being an artist she had chosen to be a singer.

"It was while I was visiting my family in California that I had my first chance to study music. I had no thought of the stage, although my sister was beginning her career on it. My one thought was to sing. I studied for about six months, when a letter came from my sister saying, 'Would you like to go on the stage?' And I, too timid to tell her I wanted to become a singer, said, 'Yes, if you want me to.' But I went to my teacher and said, 'I may possibly have a chance to go on the stage. But I shall not go if you think I can learn to sing. Do you think I can ever do anything with my voice?' He looked thoughtful and hesitated. 'It takes so long to find out the capabilities of a voice,' he said. 'Sometimes one studies for years only to find out that the voice is not quite big enough or flexible enough for professional use.'

"That settled my future. The next letter from my sister said: 'Come at once. Have a small part for you.' I came East to join her, and poor Dettie trained me in every 'if,' 'and' and 'but.' I was letter perfect when I went on the stage that night in Saratoga. We were playing 'A Woman of No Importance,' by Oscar Wilde. I was Lady something or other, well dressed and a little cat. I had a line that was very catty. 'Does your husband ever say unkind, true things to you?' I asked one poor creature. The other two lines of my slim one side were as personal and feline. I was immensely self-assured. Not only did I speak my three lines distinctly and with perfect self-possession, but sitting in a corner, as became me, I watched my sister look around at the group of women with whom she was talking and wait for the dialogue to go on. This thing, I knew, she had 'dried up,' and out from my corner squeaked her line. I usurped the prompter's privileges.

"But what a fall the next night, when we were playing 'Diplomacy,' and I was the maid and my sister was Dora! I made my entrance at the wrong place and forgot to give her her slipper. There she stood waiting for her slipper and speaking the line that was my cue. I stuck and never did recall the line until I got back in the wings and some one repeated it to me. O, it was awful."

The rose tint in Mrs. Forbes Robertson's cheeks paled at the thought.

"I went to Australia with my sister to join Mr. Goodwin's company. We went to London with 'The Cowboy and the Lady,' and the day before they sailed for America the opportunity came for me to stay. I told my sister of it.

"'It certainly seems your destiny,' she said, and I agreed, but I was dreadfully homesick, and the next morning we went to rehearsal just as they were sailing. I had cried all night, and my head ached horribly. Every one came around at the theatre to sympathize with me and I hated them for it. Every time they

said 'How terribly lonely you must be' it was like a stab in the heart. Of course I was terribly lonely. I wanted to die. But strangely enough the rehearsal went well, and the play went better, and the critics and the public were kind to me and I came to feel at home in London."

Mr. Forbes Robertson looked at her and smiled. She returned his smile. "We had met casually in London," said his wife, smiling, "but Mr. Forbes Robertson, who went to Italy soon afterward, had forgotten me. In Italy he was making his plans for next season's repertoire and telegraphed to London for suggestions for a leading woman. My name and three others



Otto Sarony Co.

MRS. FORBES ROBERTSON

Known on the stage as Gertrude Elliott and a sister of Maxine Elliott



FORBES ROBERTSON
As Julius Caesar

girlish enthusiasm. "I think it is the greatest thing in the world to be an American girl."

England, as represented by her husband, looked indulgently upon America.

"But she likes England."

"O yes."

"And the balance is adjusted, for sometimes she waves the English flag and I the American."

To American girls the conversation veered. "They are brighter than our girls. They read more. American women converse well," said the Englishman who had married one.

Once Mr. Robertson met his leading woman again, this time at rehearsals. It would have been impossible to forget her. They went touring in September, and the following midwinter they were married. That was six years ago, and the couple, gossips say, are providing a parallel of domestic happiness for the Kendalls.

Two ideals exist in the American girl-mother's mind. One, plainly, is the husband who had begun his dramatic career before she was born. The other is her sister, Maxine Elliott, who has been that trinity of the feminine godhead, sister and mother and friend in one. With hands clasped in the folds of her blue silk morning gown and eyes bent dreamily upon the like-London fog that pressed murkily against the windows she said her first recollections were of that sister.

"Dettie and the other big girls sat on the little porch of our cottage at Rockland, Me. They were eating tomatoes, and sent their little sisters for more tomatoes and for sugar to sweeten the vegetables. Dettie was always beautiful, but as a young girl she had a boyish look. She had always those straight, classic features, but wore her hair parted on the side and walked like a

were telegraphed him. "I went straight to the station and wired, 'Engage Gertrude Elliott.' I don't know why," said her husband.

His wife laughed. Gertrude Forbes Robertson's laugh is musical and care-banishing.

"He always says that," she said. "And he thinks so, but there is a more matter-of-fact explanation. Some one had written him a letter recommending me for the position.

"I don't remember the letter, Mother." This was spoken with conviction.

"Of course not, Mannie, but it had made an impression."

"How does it feel to be American by birth and English by marriage?"

"Does one ever become anything nationally by marriage? I am as much an American girl as ever, and am glad of it." With a burst of

boy. Her coloring was always as intensely dark as it is to-day."

The visitor suggested the story recurrently told on the Rialto that the sea-captain father of these American beauties had met and married a South American belle. Laughingly, his younger daughter exploded this pretty theory of the tropical origin of their beauty.

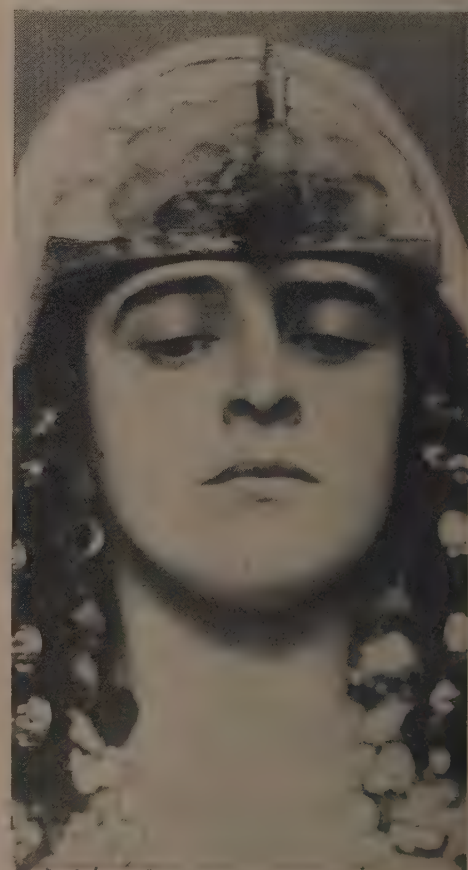
"Mother was born in Rockland, Me., and always lived there, but her family was originally Irish. Our theory is that the family being from the West Coast of Ireland she had a semi-Spanish ancestry, so accounting for our black eyes and hair.

"Poor Dettie! It seemed her fate to be near me at some dreadful dramatic crisis. After that fiasco in 'Diplomacy' she should have been spared further suffering, but she wasn't. She came to see us play 'Hamlet' in Liverpool. I, nervous because she was in front, sat in my black robe in my dressing room waiting for the cue for the mad scene, in which it were really suicidal to wear anything but white. My brother-in-law happened to see me as I went out to take my cue, and he hustled me back to change. I didn't wait to fasten the dress, but even when I went on in that parted garb there had been a wait of more than five minutes, my poor sister sitting out there and wondering what had happened." The narrator sighed. "I haven't the least idea whether I spoke Ophelia's lines or Hamlet's that night."

There was to be a luncheon in an hour, and Mrs. Forbes Robertson went away to be gowned for it. Her husband talked of his career and his conception of Hamlet.

"I suppose I owed a great deal in the matter of temperament and an impetus toward art to my father, John Forbes Robertson. He was a Scotchman and a distinguished and scholarly art critic. We lived in an atmosphere of art, although we knew almost nothing of the dramatic branch of it. I never knew an actor until I was grown. But father had the artistic temperament, and for that I owe him gratitude, I suppose, if the artistic temperament is a bounty for which to be grateful. My mother was an English woman, and in personal appearance I am more like her. My brothers all look like my mother and the girls like my father. We were eight in the family. Several of my brothers are associated with the stage. One of them, who calls himself Ian Robertson, is with me now as stage manager. He came to this country with several British stars as manager or producer.

"I owed a great deal more than to anyone else, for my dramatic development, to Samuel Phelps, a fine old actor who had played with Macready for many years. I met him my first season, and he took a fancy to me and always until he died we were warm friends. I played with him in his companies continuously until the last season, when he died, as Sir Henry Irving did, almost in the theatre. Mr. Phelps tutored me generously and without cost. He taught me quite as much



GERTRUDE ELLIOTT
As Cleopatra

Scenes in "Salomy Jane" at the Liberty Theatre



Earle Brown

Holbrook Blinn

Eleanor Robson

James Seeley

Reuben Fax

Ralph Delmore

ACT III. SALOMY: "YOU CERTAINLY DID SPEAK NICE TO RUFE"



Ada Dwyer

Ralph Delmore

Eleanor Robson

ACT II. SALOMY: "I RECKON PETE'S GOING TO LEAVE YOU"

by what he would not permit me to do as by what he taught me to do. For instance, when I was rehearsing Mercutio he said: 'My boy, many actors depend upon monkey tricks for this part. You must be effective without them. Remember.' That was a good lesson. There is a great temptation to score with monkey tricks and cheapness, but the actor who wants to do good work and please those who know good work from bad must abjure them.

"Sir Henry Irving was a helpful friend, and an unselfish one. It was he who toward the end of a season, when I had planned to close early, said: 'Play Hamlet.' 'The public doesn't want it,' I answered. 'Play Hamlet,' he insisted, and I began to think of it. I had never played it, never had any special desire to play it. But I knew the play, as I knew all Shakespeare well from having read it assiduously, as all we children had done, at home. My conception of it was no sudden development. It had grown in my mind for years.

" 'Hamlet,' I had argued to myself, 'was not insane. He was a dreamer confronted with a terrible necessity for deeds.' Had he been a man of action he would have performed them. But he was a man of dreams, a creature played upon, not the master of the forces of life. We all know—I have known—many Hamlets in real life, who, if confronted with the conditions that faced him, would have acted precisely as he did. It was a tall order to fill. I wish I had taken Sir Henry Irving's advice. 'Go to America,' he said after I had played 'Hamlet' for one hundred nights in London. But instead I went to Berlin."

Unlike some of the actors of the English stage, the wearer of the revered Irving mantle had no rude things to say of American dramatic art.

"I have seen three superb things here this season. The Belasco play, what do you call it? Not 'The Rose of the Rancho.' I haven't seen that. The one before. 'The Girl of the Golden West.' That was perfectly done. And 'The Great Divide' is splendidly done. So is 'The Chorus Lady,' as that bright woman Rose Stahl shows her. Americans have many qualities in their favor. The chief is that they are bright. They have a first aid in all situations in their quick perceptions. What the American stage has not which we have is the actor-manager. He is, or should be, a strong factor, for he knows acting as well as the business of the stage. Here you have your commercial manager who

knows one but not the other. The actor-manager is what the American stage most needs. Usually I take three months for rehearsal of a new play, although I had only six weeks for 'Hamlet.' In America you spend less time, but perhaps you don't need it; results decide that. But I insist on plenty of time.

He who is playing Caesar in "Caesar and Cleopatra" smiled as he recalled something that America mercifully has not. That is the boomer.

"A half dozen of them can make a fearful noise. It resembles no sound in nature so much as the lowing of an angry cow. I have never been booed, but actors in my company have, and I have reprimanded the boomers."

"Weren't you afraid of being booed yourself?"

He shook his head. "They listened respectfully," he replied, too modest to say that the walls of all London would crumble dared a boomer lift his voice against London's most revered actor. He told instead the story of George Bernard Shaw, who was called before the curtain by an audience delighted with his play. Up in the gallery, however, there rose a single robust "boo."

Shaw pointed a lean finger at the boomer. "I agree with you, sir," he said, "but what are you and I against a multitude?"

At parting the English actor told me of

the event which had marked the proudest moment of his life. It was an event that occurred on Manhattan soil.

"I had no thought of giving a professional matinée," he said. "I had never followed the custom. But the American players who were appearing in New York sent us a round robin requesting that we give one. I gave the matinée. They all came, and the appreciation of my efforts they showed was the greatest tribute I have received in my life."

ADA PATTERSON.

In a club in the Pyrenees "Romeo and Juliet" was being performed. The leading woman, in the garb of Juliet, lay stretched on the ground in the fifth act, admirably feigning death. But it was raining, and the roof of the theatre was badly built, so that it leaked, and drops of water from time to time fell directly on the nose of poor Juliet, who, although dead, made terrible grimaces. Romeo said to her in an undertone: "Be quiet. Don't open your eyes and contort your mouth so." But the water continued to fall, and Juliet to make grimaces. Someone in the audience noticed the trouble, rose and called out: "Madame Juliet, may I offer you my umbrella?" To the amazement of the audience, the dead woman arose, and turning to the polite spectator, said graciously: "I thank you, and accept it with all my heart, for even if I am dead it would annoy me were I to catch cold." The performance continued with the umbrella open.



Marceau

PAULA EDWARDES IN "PRINCESS BEGGAR"

Critics and Players

By FREDERICK F. SCHRADER

SHOULD the critic meet the actor, the manager, the producer?

This is a disputed question—not in the sense of open controversy, but as an implied fact. We who are in touch with the stage, the drama, the artist, feel that it is a problem, though we may not often debate it. The actor meets the critic—when he does meet him—with diffidence, with misgiving, even distrust; and the critic meets the actor with a latent consciousness that he is compromised. Between them is an invisible wall that is seldom surmounted. The critic feels that he is conceding something of the dignity of his office and justifying a possible accusation of being influenced by friendship or animosity in writing his impressions of a performance—and prefers to isolate himself from the companionship of the people of the stage.

Consider that all the arts meet in the theatre—literature, music, painting, acting, even sculpture and architecture. What a field for the exercise of the analytical faculties! Why must this synthesis of human genius be tried *ex parte*? Why must the critic strain his conscience to such extreme? It would be considered preposterous to say that the book reviewer should never meet the writer or publisher of books, or that the connoisseur of art who writes his opinions should run at the approach of the painter.

May not the critic himself expand under the influence of his association with the creators of all the elements of beauty in the theatre? Why must he perpetually occupy a narrow tripod or immerse himself in the monastic ethics of his ascetic creed and never be a mortal among mortals?

He will—if he is honest. He will—if he does not fear to state the truth when it is apt to embarrass him!

The true spirit of criticism is not in the man who does not occupy the judicial bench, listening to argument and handing down his opinion, without fear or favor, but hears a cause with his face muffled like a Ku-Klux or cowed like the rude judiciary agents of the Holy Vehme. This is not the true spirit of criticism. It smacks of the bushwhacker.

I am speaking in the character of a critic of some experience, not from the actor's or manager's point of view. I can speak of it because I myself maintained this attitude of aloofness for a long time. I thought it due to my readers and due to myself. But I found that I was cheating myself more than the actor or the dramatist or the manager by my boasted rectitude. *I was living apart from a world in which I was supposed to be a factor, a recluse from a cause which I was supposed to serve.* I was writing about plays, about acting and the stage, yet doing what I could to avoid contact with them. I was losing in largeness of ideas and becoming a caviller—the most dangerous stage of "criticosis."

As Price has well said: "Criticism is at fault that searches out minor faults. Such things belong to the limitations of art and are to be discussed in the workshop. The matter that concerns the public is the sum of all the impressions—that which it carries away as a reminiscence, and not a possibly unavoidable technical defect that it would not see unless it were pointed out."

Such a critic is in danger of falling into gignania—the worship of the commonplace. He does not move in the creative atmosphere of the theatre; he is governed by no universal laws, but by the rules of the tinker and the cobbler. There are a goodly number of professional reviewers who, if the truth were known, have a smaller acquaintanceship with the people of the stage than many laymen who have no professional relations with the stage whatever. They set it down as a special



Marceau

ADELE CARSON

Now playing the part of Celeste, the shop girl, in "The Parisian Model." Was formerly a member of Edna May's company

virtue, when in truth it is nothing but a form of esthetic bigotry.

There is no seasoning a man of brains like a healthy friction of mind against mind. The critic does himself an injustice who holds aloof from the best minds of the profession to which he is in a close degree related. He never acquaints himself with the angle of view of its professors, and never furbishes his own faculties by direct contact. Presently he begins to look at everything through turbid glasses, without clearness, from a reserved seat remote from the scene wherein he would play a part.

I heard an actress, on the eve of essaying a certain part in an Ibsen play, not long ago, express serious fear of the critics because, under suggestions from the star—a notable exponent of the Norwegian dramatist—she would be obliged to give a temperamental coloring to the rôle different from that of another actress who had played it in another production.

I said: "What difference does it make so long as you play it well? Ibsen is so subtle, so deep and universal that, like Shakespeare's, his characters are susceptible of a score of different interpretations, and all excellent."

"Very true," she answered, "but the critics won't make allowance for that."

Her interpretation perhaps was better, though different, from

what we had seen before. At all events she had as good authority for it as others had for theirs. I profited by my conversation with the actress. I obtained her angle of view. In the fullness of my own sufficiency I might have gone to see her play Mrs. Elvsted or Mrs. Linden, seriously disturbed by her departure from an approved standard. The broad-minded critic will make allowance for an actor who refuses to be restricted to one formal pattern. If he does not he assists in stifling genius in its birth.

I once heard a gifted pianist make this reply, when reproached by his friends for going annually to Europe to study during the summer: "I go to Leipzig because there is a musical atmosphere there—I breakfast to the sound of music, I sup to the sound of music and sleep to the sound of music. I hear nothing but music and talk nothing but music."

By the same token it is necessary for the dramatic critic to get into a theatrical atmosphere—provided it is a good atmosphere; not the circles reeking with shop talk and bald ribaldry, but the artistic atmosphere of the theatre in its best sense.

Sainte-Beuve said: "The critic is the man who knows and teaches others how to read." How shall I proceed to teach others how to "read"? By studying books on the art of acting? By poring over the pages of Hennequin, Price or Freytag in their treatises on dramaturgy? How shall the critic teach the public how to "read" the subtleties of Wagner—to interpret a Cezanne, a Whistler or a Chardin unless he knows?

We have recognized departments of music and painting, and

both these arts have a better systematized and more tangible code of principles than the art of the stage. But even so, an abstruse academic knowledge, unseasoned by practical contact with the best products of the respective schools of music and painting, does not qualify the first man

that comes along to render a weighty decision on their merit. The public is too intelligent not to perceive the shortcomings of such a critic, and his views may be interesting without inspiring respect.

"Criticism is not to deal in praises or to assail with epigrams," said F. Brunetière; "nor is it a way of satisfying our tastes or individual humors by expressing them; but it is a common effort, a collaboration of critic and author toward certainty and truth."

We wouldn't have a kennel of fox hounds criticised by a man who knows fox hounds only by a theoretic study in the abstract. I do not contend that the dramatic critic should first be an actor to be qualified to analyze the actor's art. The ex-actor critic is prone to view the stage from a restricted personal point of view. He is apt to judge an actor's craft by his own. That is why comparatively few actors succeed as dramatists. They see life, not from the auditorium, but from the stage.

The sphinx is mysterious because it is silent. The gods look with contempt from high Olympus upon the lowly mortals of the earth. It is all very well; but how much of this lofty attitude of the critic is due to vanity—the desire to surround himself with oracular mystery for the protection it affords him against the discovery that he is only clay?

I care nothing for a criticism that deals with the details of the workshop. For the critic who deals in universal principles—ah, that is another matter.



ELSA RYAN
Lately seen in "My Lady's Maid" at the Casino



Photo White

The archangel watching over the slumbers of the maid
JULIA MARLOWE IN PERCY MACKAYE'S POETIC TRAGEDY "JEANNE D'ARC"

Our leading players all had to travel the hard road of adversity. The fittest have survived the ordeal; the incompetents fell by the way. In this series, actors and

My Beginnings

By JOE WEBER

actresses, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money, often without enough to eat, before success came.

MY first appearance on any stage was not, strictly speaking, on a stage at all. It was on a platform at Turner's Hall. The occasion was a benefit that five ambitious young men who lived in the vicinity of the Bowery and who called themselves the Elks Serenaders gave themselves. I bought my own costume, a pair of green knickerbockers, a white shirtwaist, black stockings, dancing clogs and a derby hat. I did a clog dance and sang a song of Hibernia called "The Land of the Shamrock Green." The chorus ran:

Here we are, an Irish pair,
Without any troubles or care;
We're here once more to make people
 roar
Before we go to the hall.

It was a benefit, and everybody in the audience was a friend. The hook with which they drag off unpleasing players at some of the Bowery playhouses is bad form at a benefit. That, no doubt, was what spared us the hook. It was etiquette that prevented my being snatched off into the wings. I was ten years old on that memorable occasion, and I received a quarter for my performance. My partner received the other quarter of the fifty cents that was the generous wage paid the team. For even then I had a partner, and his name was Lew Fields. We met at the Allen Street school. Each of us had



Otto Sarony Co. JOE WEBER AS HE IS

a fancy for clog dancing, and it was a clog dancing match on the school playground one day that was our introduction. We practised dancing together after that, and when we heard of the Elks Serenaders' benefit we had volunteered our services. We were pleased with the result whatever the audience was, and we congratulated each other and vowed on that day that, so help us Heaven! we would be actors.

We kept on going to school, but our hearts were

my courage a boost and told me to not be a baby. He said father was used to looking at his congregation that way and forgot that he wasn't preaching at us. One coup helped us a great deal with father. We got mother on my side. She was a strong ally, and says she has never regretted forming the alliance. Father has been dead for twenty-three years, but mother, at eighty-two years of age, is still with us, and comes to the music hall once a year and looks on at the fun.

Morris & Hickman engaged us at three dollars a week and billed us the first week as Weber and Fields. The second week they advertised us as Fields and Weber, but after that wherever we were billed at all it was as Weber and Fields.

When these two weeks were over we looked for another engagement. It was not long before we got it at

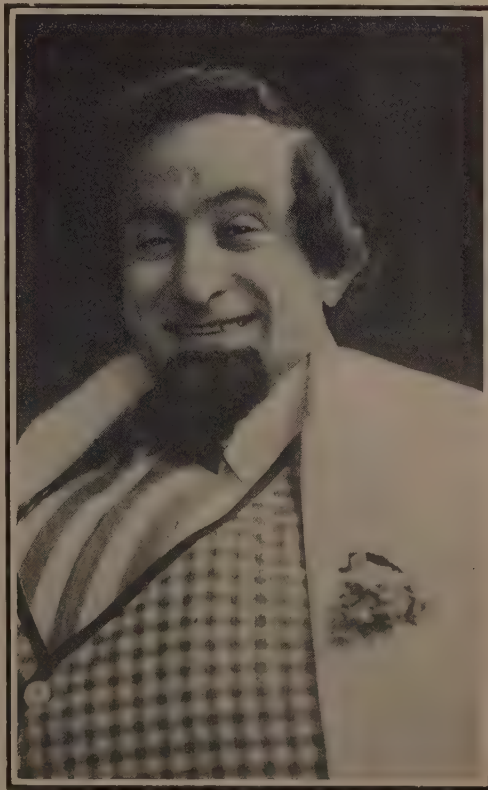
not in the schoolroom and our wits were wool-gathering among the Bowery music halls. In our souls was a vast yearning for other benefits for which we might volunteer. Three of these benefits for needy ones, and opportunities for ourselves, came, and we grasped them. Our confidence grew, and when the school years ended we set out to be real actors.

We applied at Morris & Hickman's East Side Museum, which was then at Chatham Square, and were engaged for one week at three dollars apiece. It hadn't been hard to get the job, but it was hard to go home to No. 10 Essex street and tell father. He was a rabbi and took life too seriously to want his son to earn his livelihood making foolish people laugh. But he didn't get out the family switch. He didn't even scold, but he looked so grieved that I felt like resigning my partnership with Lew and go back to my vacation work of rolling cigarettes. My brother Max gave



Sarony

JOE WEBER
As the farmer in "Dream City"



White

JOE WEBER
As the Dutchman in "Twiddle Twaddle"

the New York, another Bowery museum. At the New York we met a fellow entertainer known as the Paper King. He made all sorts of things of paper and presented them to the women and children in the audiences as souvenirs. One feat that stirred us to admiration was tearing out of a big sheet of tissue paper a tidy pattern. He folded the sheet, and tearing a piece out here and there carelessly, as it seemed, he worked out a handsome tidy. The Paper King told us that he recognized us as brother artists and would help us to elaborate our act. He taught us to make the tidies, and as soon as we were expert we added that to our act. That brought the women, who hadn't cared much for our song and dance, over to our side. We played at the New York for nine weeks, and our salary, increasing with our popularity, was twelve dollars and fifty cents the last week.

From there we went to Worth's Museum. It was the best museum on the Bowery. There we changed our act to suit the taste of the audiences. If they didn't care for us as Irish boys we tried black face. And when we thought they had had enough of that we put together a Dutch turn, not unlike the one we gave in New York up to two years ago, minus some of the accessories.

At Worth's our dramatic career encountered a serious obstacle. I attracted the attention of the Gerry Society, although I was then half a head taller than Lew, who has since grown a third taller

than myself. We were doing nine turns a day at Worth's, and the Gerryites said that was too many by at least six. It was only upon his mother's promise that the number of performances should be reduced to three that we were allowed to continue playing.

For four years we played in the museums up and down the Bowery. With our achievements grew our ambitions. We wanted to "break into Bunnell's." Bunnell wouldn't let us. He had a museum at Ninth street and Broadway. It had a better class of patronage than the Bowery and was a star upon which our eyes had long been fixed. Every week for two years we wrote Mr. Bunnell, inviting him to come to the museums where we were playing and see our act, and if said act pleased him to engage us for his "exclusive and refined" house. But he would have none of us. He always sent back a cold postal card as chilly as the printed rejection slip sent to writers with their returned manuscripts. Only instead of "Declined with thanks" we read for the hundredth time, "Time all filled."

When we were convinced that correspondence was useless we called on Mr. Bunnell. The doorman, divining our errand, called out surlily: "Go away. You can't see Mr. Bunnell. He's busy."

"No, he ain't too busy to see us. We've got a new freak for him."

The doorkeeper delivered our message, and behold! the long closed door opened. Mr. Bunnell looked up.

"What do you want?" he inquired curtly.

"We can tell you where to get a one-eyed Chinaman."

"What is remarkable about a one-eyed Chinaman?"

"This one's got an eye in the middle of his forehead," I said.

"And he wears his hat drawn down over his forehead, with a hole cut in his hat to look through," said Lew.

"Where does he live?"

"In Mott street."

"Meet me at his house to-morrow morning. What did you say is the number?"

"But what do we get for giving you the tip?"

"What do you want?"

"To play in this house."

"Well, well. Come to-morrow at ten. Good morning."

We had won, but we had yet to pay our reckoning. We played there four weeks, living in hourly terror that we would be called upon to produce our one-eyed Chinaman. When we had been there a month he sent back word that we should hustle into our clothes, and we knew that the day of doom had come. We drove down in his carriage and pointed out a house in Mott street. Mr. Bunnell rapped on the door with his cane.

A Chinaman came to the door, but would not let him enter. We learned afterwards that the man was a Chinese lookout of a gambling house, and he thought we were from the District Attorney's office. Mr. Bunnell, in a rage at being balked, went to the office of the Chinese Consul and explained what he wanted.

"I have never heard of such a man, and I would know if he were here. Someone has been fooling you," said the official.

Mr. Bunnell looked at us. We looked at Mr. Bunnell. Mr.

Bunnell frowned. We grinned, albeit sadly, for we saw the end of our engagement at Bunnell's. He thanked the consul, bade him good day and went to his car-

(Continued on page vii.)



HELEN WARE AND WRIGHT KRAMER IN "THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY," AT THE HERALD SQUARE

Pauline Donalda—Canadian Soprano

THOSE who have heard and admired the perfect French diction of the new comer, Pauline Donalda, at the Manhattan Opera House, and who know that she is a Canadian, probably ascribed it to French Canadian origin, but this is not the case. Madame Donalda's father was a Russian, her mother a Pole. The former, upon his arrival in Canada, translated his name of Lichtenstein into Lightstone, and became a naturalized English subject. The singer, born in Montreal, grew up to speak English, attending English schools, lastly the Magill College for Women. Connected with this school is the Royal Victoria College of Music, a gift to the college by Lord Strathcona when Sir Donald Smith. The girls who attend this music school are called Donaldas, in memory of the founder, and this accounts for the prima donna's stage name, not, as has been stated, a derivation from Donaldson, or McDonald, her family name.

Pauline Donalda had no intention of adopting the stage as a profession until she became interested in her musical studies at this Montreal music school. Her father had a fine tenor voice, but never sang professionally. But the girl's talent manifested itself, and it was felt that she needed more advanced instruction. She came down to New York and finally obtained an opportunity to sing in the Metropolitan Opera House for the tenor Salignac, then a member of the company, and for Dufriche, then as now singing there. Both urged her to go at once to Europe to study, and she departed for Paris accompanied by her brother, who has been with her during all the time of her study and first operatic engagements. She studied singing for two years with Edmond Duvernoy, of the Paris Conservatoire, but privately, and acting with M. Lhérie. After this she was engaged for the opera at Nice, and made her début in the difficult rôle of Manon, in Massenet's opera of that name.

"I was such a novice, such a kid," remarked Madame Donalda, "that I actually was not nervous at all. I did not know enough to be." From Nice she went to London a year ago for the summer season at Covent Garden.

"The directors wanted me to make my début in 'Faust,'" said she, "but by that time I had learned to be nervous. The opera house looked to me so immense that I was quite frightened. 'I think I should rather try my voice in the house with something else. Suppose I sing Michaela in 'Carmen' first?' I suggested.

"Why, I believe you are fright-

ened!' one of them said. 'Oh, no, I only thought I should rather begin with that,' I replied, but I was dreadfully frightened. I sang Michaela, however, and afterwards Marguerite, and it was all right."

It was during her Nice engagement, and when she had been but two months on the stage, that Madame Donalda created the soprano rôle in Leoncavallo's opera "Chatterton." During her London engagement she created another rôle, the leading soprano one in the Chinese opera by Franco Leoni, the Italian composer

residing in London, where his songs are very popular. Pictures of the singer in this opera, "The Cat and the Cherub," are surprising. One would fancy her a veritable Chinese woman, so excellent is the makeup. Last winter both Madame Donalda and the excellent young French baritone, Paul Séveilhac, to whom she was married but a few months ago, began a three-years' engagement at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels. There both were such favorites that it was only by paying a very heavy forfeit that they were able to secure release from the remaining two years of their contract to join Mr. Hammerstein's company. Madame Donalda sang at the regular London season in Covent Garden last summer, and it was then that she was approached by both of our rival managers, and Oscar Hammerstein secured her. During that season she had a welcome triumph. No soprano had hitherto been able to sing Mimi in "La Bohème" after Melba had made the part her own, owing to that lady's London popularity, and especially in that particular rôle. So great is the favor with which Melba is looked upon as Puccini's fair heroine that the prices are always raised when she sings it from 21 to 25 shillings for an orchestra stall. But Melba disappointed the management rather often last season, was rather too capricious or too often ill, and finally they resolved to let the young Canadian, who had already established herself in popular favor, essay the rôle rather than again change the opera and disappoint the audience. Donalda accordingly went on, sang the rôle and received an ovation, some of the papers even declaring that she did not suffer in comparison with the older prima donna—a great admission for them.

On the night of her New York début in Gounod's "Faust" those present witnessed an innovation. Marguerite did not go into the church to pray, nor did the devil appear to her either through a pillar suddenly rendered transparent or in the actual presence near her in the



Mishkin

PAULINE DONALDA

Soprano who has sung with great success at the Manhattan Opera House

church as we have seen it at other performances in this city. The whole scene took place outside the church, and instead of falling in a faint when she saw Mephistopheles, Madame Donalda gazed at him in horror, slowly retreating up the church steps with dilated eyes fixed upon him, and then suddenly dashed into the building as into a place of refuge. The innovation seemed to me particularly good in that it has often seemed inconsistent that the devil should be able to march boldly into a consecrated building during a service when the mere sight of the crosses of the soldiers' sword hilts in an earlier scene was sufficient to make him shrink away in terror and give them absolute

power over him as long as they held the sword hilts toward him.

"I did not originate the scene," she said. "It is always done that way in Brussels, and is, I understand, the old way of giving the scene. As to not fainting, I do not see why Marguerite should faint at sight of the devil. She was terribly frightened, of course, but it does not seem to me that she would of necessity faint."

The singer does not appear nervous, but declares that on the night of her debut she was so frightened that she is sure her hands were clenched most of the time. ELISE LATHROP.



MRS. DOREMUS
Author of "The Fortunes of
the King"



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Vice-president



MARTHA MORTON
President of the new society



GRACE ISABEL COLBRON
Secretary



RACHEL CROTHERS
Author of "The Three of Us"

A New Society of American Dramatic Authors

A GROUP of American playwrights have recently formed in New York City an organization to be known as The Society of Dramatic Authors. Most of its leading promoters are women, but there will be no sex distinction. Men also will be eligible to membership. Charles Klein, author of "The Lion and the Mouse," is prominent among the men on its executive committee.

The women dramatists have been compelled to take the initiative of starting this society in self-defense. Fifteen years ago Bronson Howard and other well-known native dramatists founded the American Dramatists' Club, which has prospered and accomplished much good. It has promoted good fellow feeling among brother craftsmen; its rooms in New York City have been a general headquarters for the guild; it has succeeded in getting laws passed in several states for the better protection of dramatic property. Otherwise it has always been more of a social club than a business organization, and for this reason women have not been eligible to membership.

But of late years the women dramatists in America have become a force to be reckoned with. Some of the most successful plays now before the public were written by women. That charming little comedy now in its fourth month at the Madison Square, "The Three of Us," is the work of Rachel Crothers; "The Man on the Box," another metropolitan success, was written by Grace Livingston Furniss; "Brown of Harvard" was written by Rida Johnson Young; Maude Fealey is starring successfully in "The Illusions of Beatrice," the work of Martha Morton; "The Road to Yesterday," a comedy which has caught the fancy of Broadway, is the joint work of Beulah Marie Dix and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland; "The Strength of the Weak," a drama which attracted much attention, was written by Alice Smith and Charlotte Thompson; "The Marriage of William Ashe," "The Jungle" and other plays are the work of Margaret Mayo, while Alice Ives, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Doremus, Mrs. Fiske, Grace Isabel Colbron, Madeleine Lucette Ryley, Marguerite Merington, Ivy Ashton Root, Jane Maudlin Feigl, Genevieve Haines, Julie Herne, Frances Aymar Mathews and many others have already given proof that they know something about the difficult art of playmaking.

These women have felt that the American Dramatists' Club has done them an injustice in refusing them admission simply because of their sex. They feel that as long as there was an organization of dramatists they had earned the right to belong to it. Their exclusion, they claim, worked them prejudice in several ways, chiefly because it deprived them of that official recognition and standing which such a society gives its members. They, therefore, decided to get together and form a society of their own. The officers are as follows: Martha Morton, president; Alice Ives, vice-president; Grace Isabel Colbron, secretary; Beatrice De Mille, treasurer, while on the executive committee are Mrs. Doremus, Charles Klein, Margaret Mayo and Rachel Crothers. According to the announcement, the object of the society will be: the discussion of all matter pertaining to the drama, an earnest endeavor to raise the standard of dramatic authorship, the bringing together of managers and authors, thus helping author and producer to evolve not only successful but worthy plays. There is also under consideration the publishing of plays before production.

The first public announcement of the formation of the society was made at the dinner given in honor of Charles Klein at Delmonico's recently by the American Dramatists' Club. Contrary to the usual custom of the club, ladies were invited, and among the speakers was Martha Morton, dean of American women playwrights, who said:

"I take great pleasure, in the name of the woman writers for the stage, in thanking the president and members of the American Dramatists' Club for the 'privilege' of breaking bread with them this evening. A diplomatic function such as this is quite unusual, where representatives of two great dominions come together—dominions so near and alas so far apart. I mean the dominions of the sexes. It is really beautiful, the *entente cordiale*, which prevails this evening; as we sit together round the same board, holding hands, so to speak, exchanging the most flattering of sentiments, which we mean from our souls, whilst we sip the cup that cheers and inebriates. There is another cup which has been floating in the air above my head during this entire evening—which neither cheers nor inebriates—the cup of Tantalus. The woes of that unfortunate Grecian youth, imprisoned on the borders of a lake, whose sparkling waters arose just to his thirsty lips and then receded, have echoed down the centuries and found a response in the hearts of our women dram-

(Continued on page viii.)

The Champagne of Waters White Rock

The
Mineral Water
Incomparable.
In the Cafe;
At the Banquet;
For the Home.
Nature's
most delightful
and
beneficial
bequest
to all
mankind.

Ermete Novelli Coming to America

(Continued from page 68.)

sombre pictures lighted here and there by touches of gray humor, than a connected story. The background is Russia in revolution. We are introduced into a poor Russian family where the father is a bibulous, sniveling, spittle-shirted, good-natured ass, the wife a virago with a lover and a macadamized heart, a son who is suffering from anemia and revolutionary virus—that type so well known to readers of the Russian novel, immortalized in the Dmitri Roudine of Tourgenieff. These pale young thinkers, predestined to consumption or Siberia, carry dynamite in their brains; they are slaves of that ancient devil—the Ideal, the mocker that hallucinates the brain with dreams of freedom and feeds the body to the flame of official hatred. Such a one is the young hero of "Povera Gente"; he who is claimed by consumption in the last act after a term of imprisonment.

Zakar Pokrovski, the father, was played by Signor Novelli. A fine character study. Half-lovable, half-despicable, he turned inside out the nature of this doddering remnant of a man as one would pull a stocking inside out. He might have crawled out of this cellar of brutalized beings that Gorky has so powerfully depicted in "A Night's Lodging." Wickedness is often majestic, admirable; but weakness, drooling imbecility, are disgusting. Novelli crushes our minds with his intensely vivid portrayals. He overwhelms us with the sincerity of his art. He carries us with him, until we, like marionettes in the hands of a master, are seduced out of our own personalities and act with him in those fictions of passions which his art bodies before our eyes.

At the death bed of his son he goes crazy. It is so realistic and horrible that we feel the nightmare touch of insane asylums or battlefield hospitals descend on the mind.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

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As to Toilet Powders

There is no toilet article in the selection of which greater care should be used than a toilet powder. In these days of imitation and substitution there is so much of inferior goods on the market that it is necessary to be continually on one's guard. Highly-scented toilet powders are so frequent as to be a continual source of danger. Such inferior products will often do a permanent injury to a delicate skin. It is far wiser never to take chances with an unknown article. Be sure, rather, to insist upon a trade-marked product of recognized merit. With toilet powder, as with most other lines of goods, it is safer to trust an old-established house with years of experience and a reputation for making only the best. Mennen's Toilet Powder is a trade-marked article, which has for years been recognized by physicians as the best preparation made. The absolute purity of its ingredients and the exercise of the greatest care and skill in its manufacture have given the product of the Mennen Co. a quality of uniform excellence.

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic



For the Convalescent

At no time during a severe sickness is the patient's vitality at so low an ebb as in commencing convalescence. It is then the system must be repaired by building up the wasted tissues and sending rich, red blood through the veins. The crisis is over, but there is still danger of a relapse. Nothing will do more to prevent sinking back into disease and fever than

Pabst Extract The "Best" Tonic

combining as it does the nutritive and digestive elements of pure, rich barley malt with the quieting and tonic effects of the choicest hops. The system easily and thoroughly assimilates the nourishment offered in this predigested form. The patient is assured peaceful rest, and refreshing sleep. At the same time the appetite is stimulated, causing a desire for, and making possible the digestion of heavier foods, after which the road to recovery is short.

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

strengthens the weak, builds up the run down, cheers the depressed. It will nourish your nerves, enrich your blood and invigorate your muscles. It gives sleep to the sleepless, relieves dyspepsia, and is a boon to nursing mothers.

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"Salome" at the Metropolitan

(Continued from page 71.)

in its proportions and in its complexities, and it is vivid in its powers of delineation. There are patches of supreme ugliness in this work, but they are justified by the situation and the text. The very end is colossal, a masterwork of a master mind and a master hand. The orchestra fairly seethes, and there are numberless moments of intense musical interest.

Fremstad as Salome was superb. Never has this great artist displayed her powers so keenly, never before had she risen to such a tremendous height of acting and to such a wonderful plane of singing. She was a wanton and a tigress rolled into one by nature, and the facets of her passion were numberless and glinted in multi-colored hues. Her impersonation of this rôle has forever stamped the greatness of this artist upon the minds of the vast audience who witnessed her work.

Burrian as Herod was a marvelously good actor and he sang this difficult music extraordinarily well. His varying moods were admirably portrayed. As Jokanaan, Van Rooy was rather disappointing in that he forced the volume of his voice until all tonal beauty had fled. He was imposing to look upon and was supreme in the moment of cursing Salome. Weed was satisfying as Herodias, and Dippel was, as usual, conventional as Narraboth. Blass and Muhlmann were two soldiers, Journet and Stiner sang the music of the two Nazarenes, and Jacoby and Mattfeld were two pages.

Alfred Hertz, the conductor, achieved remarkable results with his orchestra. He commanded his forces absolutely, drove them to huge climaxes, kept coherency in this ultra-difficult score, and urged his men to play as seldom they have before. He deserves volumes of praise for his conscientious rehearsing of the orchestra, at which task he has labored for months. The performance was a complete triumph for Hertz.

The scenic picture was very attractive, and the orchestra for this occasion had been enlarged so that it contained 106 men. It was, all told, the best performance of opera given at the Metropolitan Opera House this season.

Whatever be the final moral judgment passed upon "Salome," it must at least be admitted that this music drama is a tremendous art work. It is not pleasant, but it is of artistic greatness.

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Rostand's Country Home

Some of the most noted Parisian artists, says a dispatch from Biarritz to the *New York World*, have contrived to transform Edmond Rostand's country home, Arnaga, into a fairyland. The walls of his magnificent apartments, whose windows look out over the crests of the Pyrenees, are covered with the ever-delightful tales which Hans Christian Andersen and the Grimm brothers have immortalized.

But the gem of this poet's dwelling is his wife's boudoir. Familiar stories of "Cinderella" and the "Beauty and the Beast" are told again, with a wealth of color and fantasy, by the famous decorator, Jean Weber.

In this artistic retreat, which is a happy combination of Byzantine palace and Basque chalet, Rostand lives part of the year, with his wife and son, in a retirement only broken to receive some brother poet or an artist friend, who is requested never to mention Paris and its strenuous ways.

To escape from the continual excitement of city life and the feverish search for amusement found at fashionable resorts, and also to be able to devote himself entirely to work, the creator of "Cyrano" fled eight years ago to the half-savage and wholly picturesque fastnesses of the Spanish frontier. First he rented a tiny cottage, nestled against a tiny church. But his view lacked the traditional poesy and splendor of Basque landscapes, so he built Arnaga. It is not constructed along the conventional lines of the French château, but standing on a high hill, surrounded by parks and terraces, it at first gives the impression of a Moorish palace.

Those who wonder secretly how Rostand's earnings as a dramatist suffice to keep up such a pretentious establishment forget that he married Rosemonde Gerard, the daughter of a Paris banker. Her millions are the magic wand which called into being this fairy castle.

On one side it overlooks a verdant plain, sprinkled with semi-tropical blossoms and watered by the winding stream of the Nive. On the other rises a majestic chain of rugged hills, which in the glory of southern sunset, flush to a deep crimson and then pale to a sombre purple.

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My Beginnings

(Continued from page 82.)

age, we following. We waited for an invitation to enter. After all, he could hardly secure a substitute for our turn in a half hour. His face was set, but he nodded toward the front seat and we scrambled in. Not a word was said in the carriage. Mr. Bunnell didn't want the coachman to know he had been hoaxed. He handled his cane nervously. Lew and I looked inquiry at each other. Would he? Might he? We were nearly fifteen. We were artists but we were still boys. Certain smarting recollections there were that proved our fathers had so far forgotten the artists as to administer reproof to the boy.

When we got out of the carriage and the coachman was out of hearing distance Mr. Bunnell turned to us and said: "By Jimminy, if you weren't a couple of little Jews you wouldn't be so smart. Go back to work."

He kept us at the museum for another month. He always called us "his boys." He has a house at New Haven and we played there two years ago. He is an aged man now, but he laughed about that trick we played upon him as though it had happened yesterday.

There was an interim when we were helpers in a circus. We fed and watered the animals and assisted the clowns. I being by that time the smaller and more agile of the pair, had to do "leaps" in the circus. It had been known as the New Robbins Circus, but had sold out to Tom Grenier. We jaunted about the country with it from one coast to the other. One night, after seeing a man fall to his death, I pretended to be ill, so that I wouldn't have to do the leap through the air. I sickened of the business then, and another even made me sicker. That was when, walking behind the circus, with a man whose business it was to look after us, but who walked ahead and left us to our own devices, we were crossing a narrow railroad bridge in Wyoming. The rumble of the rails told us that a train was coming, but as we were in a deep cut in the mountains, and our view shut off by immense fir trees, we did not know from which direction it was coming. We looked down into the stream and the rumbling grew louder. There was no smoke to indicate whence the train came, so we dared not take a chance and run for it. We did all that was left for us to do, swung down over the stream, hanging to the beams of the trestle with both hands, held on and waited. While we hung there we made disposition of all our worldly effects.

"If I fall and am killed," said Lew, with a sob in his voice, "give all my clothes and the twenty dollars I've got in the Bowery Savings Bank to my mother."

"You do the same for me," I said. We couldn't reach over to shake hands. We contented ourselves with nodding at each other. There were tears in Lew's eyes. I felt a hot marting in mine. Then the train came. It was on the bridge with a leap. It was a long, heavy rain, and it shook the frail little bridge as a dog shakes a rat. The smoke filtered through the mist and clung to our faces. It seemed to grow dark suddenly and I was conscious that the sharp corners of the beams had cut my fingers and that blood was trickling between them. Then the roar and the trembling lessened and ceased. Through the trail of smoke left by the disappearing train I saw that Lew still clung to the beams. He was looking to see if I was safe. When the bridge had ceased its shaking we climbed up hand over hand and made haste to get off the bridge. We went to the bank of the stream and with branches of trees tested its depth. It was only 10 feet deep, yet that night when I combed my hair I found three white hairs.

We gladly forsook the life of the tent and came back to the Bowery and the museums. Sometimes we hurt each other in the murdering acts that the audiences seemed to like so well. Once dressed in such a hurry that I forgot to put on the piece of iron I wore under my skull pad and Lew hit me a blow that laid my scalp open. Another time when I aimed at Lew's chest I struck his mouth. The compensation was that the audiences seemed to like us better when we bled.

Eleven years ago its manager gave up the Imperial Music Hall on Broadway near Twenty-ninth street. Harry Miner, its owner, couldn't get anybody to take it. It was a hoodo house. We decided to take the house.

We opened the house almost immediately with Ross and Fenton, John T. Kelly, Yolande Wallace, Lilian Swain and Henry E. Dixey. Mr. Fields and I continued to fill our engagements on the road for a few months, then brought ourselves into New York and our Music Hall that for nine years bore the name Weber-Fields. Two years ago we separated and each has done well.



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New Society of Dramatic Authors

(Continued from page 84.)

atists; for whenever they think of the American Dramatists' Club they cannot help seeing that awful cup of Tantalus floating gracefully toward her, and then floating away in an ultra-tantalizing manner.

"I have been named the *dean* of the women playwrights, and I am very proud to be classed among the veterans, in company with my dear friends, Mr. Bronson Howard, Mr. J. I. C. Clarke, Mrs. Charles Doremus, Mr. Charles Klein and a handful of others. It was twenty years ago! How does a man feel when he has to say that? Is there a quick, sharp pang of regret, as he looks over his shoulder, and sees Youth and sweet Inexperience scampering away like rabbits with their ears turned backwards? Men have a way of carrying off their age with laughter and jests. I have never known a woman who could do that, and my excuse for being able to look so far back is that I commenced very young. There is a fine German expression for it —'Unverschamt jung,' which means neither shamefully nor shamelessly, but just 'unashamed young,' so unashamed that I wrote plays and the men shook their heads and said the drama was going to the dogs, then they crept in through the stage door and watched that 'green girl' direct a rehearsal, and one of them came up to me and



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MME. ARTA

A Pittsburg girl now singing at the Manhattan Opera House

said: 'Are you going to make a business out of this?' I trembled and felt like Martin Luther before the Council of Worms. I looked him straight in the eyes and answered fervently, 'God help me, I must!' Then he put out a friendly hand and crushed my fingers into splinters and gave me the comforting assurance that a woman would have to do twice the work of a man to get one-half the credit.

"Since then I have been treated just as well and just as badly as a man. I have been hustled off the stage by the stage manager as the curtain was about to rise; I have been dragged on the stage after the curtain fell to bow my panic-stricken thanks to an applauding audience; I have been roasted, sizzled, frizzled to death, then resurrected and borne on the wings of praise up to a temporary heaven. I have had much success which was sweet and a little failure which was very valuable, and to-night I have reached the zenith of my ambition—I have been present at one of those mysterious Dramatist Club dinners.

"My last sensation will be experienced when 'The Lambs' come and beg me to write a skit for their next gambol—and why not? When once the torch of reason is set to that moldy old fence of tradition it ignites very rapidly; and to-day is a day of tradition-burning, bonfires are being lit all over the world. We are beginning to understand many things that were riddles and that riddle of riddles—Woman—is beginning to understand herself.

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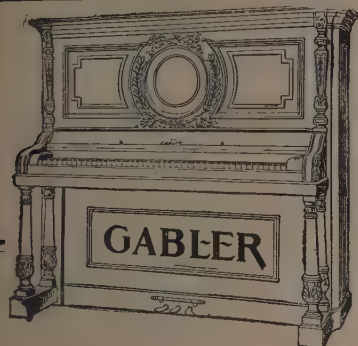


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factor, as a creator, woman has become a power in our drama.

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"Jesting aside, the time is ripe, the material at hand, and I am happy to announce officially that an association has been formed by the woman writers for the stage, which is called 'The Society of Dramatic Authors.' Now, gentlemen, don't look up, this society will never be a cup of Tantalus to you, but there is something else hanging over your heads suspended by a single hair—the sword of Damocles—and when it falls, I hope it won't hurt you too much. Gentlemen, we are not going to blame you for something of which you were entirely innocent—about which you were never even consulted—*your sex*—we are not going to ostracise you because you are *merely* men—we invite you all! The president, secretary, treasurer—all who are present to-night, all who are absent, in fact all dramatists are invited to come in and join us. The drama is universal—its unalterable laws are the same throughout the entire world—its form does not change. It is universal life crystallized into living pictures which differ in the different nations, only in color and locality. All dramatists are one in their work; therefore as moderns we may make no restrictions of nationality or sex. The Society of Dramatic Authors has 31 charter members, 30 women and one man, a gentleman of broad views and 'scientific' principles—Mr. Charles Klein.

"And now, returning to the cups of many vintages which life holds to our lips, the wine of which *now* we sip and *now* we drain to the dregs—this Society of Dramatic Authors born yesterday is as yet only a cup of Promise—we extend to *you* the privilege of helping us make it a cup of Fulfillment.

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Career of Signor Novelli

Signor Novelli, the famous Italian tragedian who is coming to this country in March, comes of a noble family, his father being Count Novelli of Venice. Signor Novelli is a very wealthy man and resides in Venice, where his Rialto Palace is one of the most magnificent in the "Queen of the Adriatics." He has been upon the stage for upwards of forty years, or since a small boy. Signor Novelli's son, whose pseudonym is "Yambo," is one of the famous cartoonists of Italy.

The three first plays in which Signor Novelli will appear in the United States will be "Louis XI," by de Lavigne; "Papa Lebonnard," by Ay-card, and "The Merchant of Venice." These three plays will bring forth Signor Novelli as a tragedian, comedian and romantic actor. Among the other plays in which he will appear will be "King Lear," "Othello," "Hamlet," "Kean" (by Pere Dumas), "Morte Civile," "Povera Gente" (by the young Italian author, Liberati). He will also appear in a number of Goldoni comedies.

Signor Novelli will be supported by Olga Jin-inni, the famous Italian actress. Signor Novelli's costumes for the several plays are said to be the most elegant of any continental actor.

An amusing anecdote of Got is told in *Fantaisie*. The famous French actor was once playing the part of an old notary who appeared in the first and third acts. During the second act, as it was a hot June evening, Got removed his false beard and wig, and was dozing in a chair in the wings. "M. Got, M. Got, it is your cue!" was called, and Got, barely awake, rushed on the stage, quite forgetting to replace his beard and wig. At the amazed looks of his companions, Prevost, Madelaine and Brohan, he at once perceived his mistake, but too late. The whole audience had their eyes upon him, and gazed stupefied at this remarkable notary who looked twenty years younger than in the preceding act. What was to be done? Without appearing in the least embarrassed, Got said simply: "Ah, I see you have no confidence in me. You think me too young—you would prefer to talk with my father. It is all the same. I will go and tell him." Whereupon he left the stage, disappeared in the wings, hastily donning beard and wig, and made his re-entry with a weary gait, and in a voice which he tried to make sound old, said to his amazed comrades: "My son has told me that you wish to speak to me." Prevost, with difficulty restraining a burst of laughter, made his reply, and the drama proceeded without further incident.



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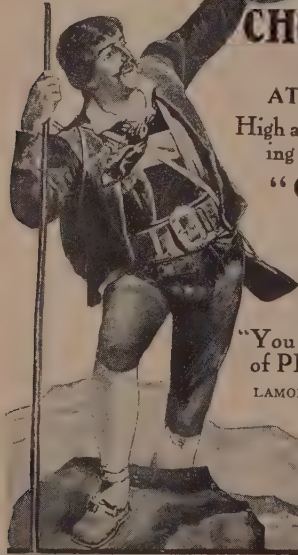
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Mr. Mansfield's Richard III

The *Evening Sun* of this city has recently published some interesting letters from correspondents on the subject of Mr. Mansfield's Richard III. We reprint some of them herewith:

"Shakespearian Student" must have had communication with the spirit of the bard when he says that Mr. Mansfield's Richard III is the 'Richard that Shakespeare drew.' Having seen Mr. Mansfield as Richard, Shylock and Brutus, I must confess that I found the readings of the text villainous, the words mumbled beyond possibility of understanding at times, and generally lacking in imagination to give them color.

"When one recalls the stalwartism of dramatic art, clearness of enunciation, as exemplified by those past masters of acting, Edwin Forrest, Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, E. L. Davenport, John McCullough, J. V. Wallack, Jr., true Shakespearians, who spoke a common tongue, free from the dawdleism of the present-day methods, it makes one shudder when some of the comedians of to-day are announced as exponents of tragedy. True, they are surrounded by the glamour of lights and scenery which often hide their shortcomings, the men being sacrificed to the physical, the effect of which is shown very curiously in the following: Mr. Barrett was leading man for Mr. Booth in the second season of the Booth revivals.

"The opening play was a magnificent production of 'Richelieu.' Mr. Barrett and family occupied seats at breakfast next day in their hotel with the family of a well-known millionaire, who was refurnishing a very fine Fifth Avenue mansion. He said he and his wife had visited a theatre the night before, where they had found the finest pair of antique andirons they had ever seen. They spent some minutes, while the act was making sketches of them, as they could easily do being near the stage. They waited until the second act was over, then called at the box office to know if they could either get a pattern or buy them, asking the treasurer also whose theatre it was, which was written down.

"Searching his pockets and not finding the card Mr. Barrett suggested the names of several theatres, leaving Booth's for the last. 'That is it,' he said. 'Booth's. I am going to have those andirons!' It was not really until the curse scene that the audience's attention was called to the actors, as they were intent upon viewing the scenery. Mr. Mansfield, in theatrical parlance, a comedian and character actor. Recall his 'Jekyll and Hyde,' 'Parisian Romance,' 'Prince Kar Beau Brummell,' clearly within his scope, and in which he always succeeds, but as a tragedian?"

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"The success of 'Richard III' in England led Frederic Daly, one of Irving's biographers, to remark that 'no actor who appeals to educated society will ever again venture to play the Richard of Mr. Cibber. It may be necessary to curtail Shakespeare's plays for representation, but at least we may be sure of having the original text and not the ridiculous inventions of the day, when the poet was only half-understood.' 'Henry Irving in England and America' (p. 49).

"One of the most notable features of this production was Queen Margaret as played by the American actress, Kate Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), famous also for her Leah and Mary Warner. She is happily still alive and occasionally appears in London at special performances. The part of the widow of Henry VI requires a tragedienne of exceptional ability, which is probably the reason why it has been omitted from Mr. Mansfield's acting version.

A. E. G.

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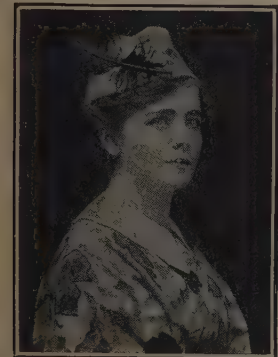
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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable queries. As our space is limited, no correspondent may more than three questions. Absolutely no answers furnished. These and other queries connected with the purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

J. T. S.—Yes, you can have a theatrical contract drawn by a lawyer. It often saves trouble later. The address of the party you refer to is Jos. M. Berg, attorney, 299 Broadway, New York.

V. J. R. Dorchester, Mass.—Q.—Will Miss Evguay in "Sambo Girl," come to Boston this winter her favorite song "I'm for You" published, and can I purchase it, if so? A.—Write to her or manager.

A Constant Reader.—Q.—Will Kyrle Bellew ever Romeo again? A.—We cannot say. Q.—Where can I buy a copy of the stage edition of "The Virginian"?—Write to Mr. Dustin Farnum's manager. Q.—Forbes Robertson play "Hamlet" in New York this season? A.—He is not yet announced to do so, but he will.

A. A. A.—Q.—In what did H. Reeves-Smith previous to "The Marriage of William Ashe"? "Capt. Jinks," "Charley's Aunt," "The Private Secretary," "Our Boys," "Sweet Lavender" and "An Affair of Millions," are some of his former plays. While ways willing to answer reasonable questions, we can answer such purely personal questions, and of no personal interest, as your others.

R. B. F. Brooklyn.—Q.—What relation is Norman Hackett to Jas. K. Hackett? A.—He is no relation. In what will Mr. Hackett and his wife star next season? A.—Miss Manning is starring in "Glo Betsy." Mr. Hackett is still playing in "The Wall Jericho." For advice as to how to secure a theatrical engagement see these columns in almost every back number. We shall also publish shortly an article on subject.

E. M., Louisville, Ky.—Q.—Please tell me if Glaser ever played in a summer opera company in Louisville for several months? A.—It should be easier for you to find this out in Louisville. Consult the files of any newspaper. We are not aware of it if she has.

F. B., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Have you ever published pictures of Henry Woodruff in "Brown of Harvard," scenes from that play? A.—Scenes from the play printed in last April number.

J. H. M., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Q.—Is failure a start (of a theatrical career) often due to lack of timing rather than ability? A.—Undoubtedly. Q.—Is stature a drawback in this profession? A.—It is, not an insurmountable one.

E., Boston.—Q.—Will you publish scenes from R. Mantell's Shakespeare plays this season? A.—We A cover picture of Mr. Mantell as Macbeth was used the November number, and one of him as Iago appeared in the December number. Q.—Will you ever publish pictures of Wadsworth Harris? A.—Possibly. Q.—Roselle Knott? A.—Pictures of Miss Knott appeared the November, 1903, number of this magazine, and an article in the November, 1906, number.

S. O.—Q.—What is the difference between a musical comedy and a musical? A.—Properly speaking musical comedy relies more upon its lines, there are fewer choruses, and interpolated numbers, while in the opera the music is the chief feature, and the whole is more spectacular. At the present time, however terms are used somewhat indiscriminately. Q.—Will you publish scenes of "The Little Cherub"? A.—See October number. Q.—Of "His Honor the Mayor"? A.—Per S. N.—Q.—Is Miss Aileen Goodwin, leading lady "The Clansman" any relation to Mr. Nat Goodwin? Not to our knowledge.

J. S., Birmingham, Ala.—Q.—Why do you never publish pictures of popular priced stars? A.—We do. Has a souvenir book of "The Walls of Jericho" published, and if so, where can I get it? A.—Write Mr. Jas. K. Hackett.

C. O. T., New Haven, Conn.—Q.—What does have to do or to whom apply to have a song—only—accepted for any production? A.—It would almost impossible. If the words are good they will be accepted by a musician looking for a poem to set to music.

A Constant Reader, St. Louis.—We are unable to give you the name of the recitation rendered by Otis Skinner at a benefit concert at Belasco's Theatre. Write to Mr. Skinner himself.

E. P., Washington, D. C.—Q.—Where can I find pictures of Miss Elsie Janis when a child, or any of her magazines or papers which have published such pictures of her? A.—You could ascertain the latter by consulting "The Searchlight Library," 24 M Street, this city.

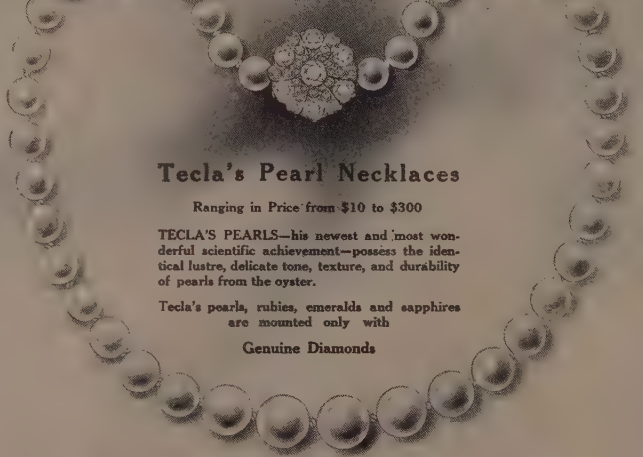
S. J. M., Boston.—Q.—What became of the "Earl the Girl" company with Eddie Foy? A.—It is on road, and some time ago opened the new Shubert Theatre in Kansas City. Q.—Is Jane Langdon still with company? A.—We do not know. Q.—Where can photo be purchased? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & 26 West 33d street, this city.

V. A. F.—Q.—What is Julia Marlowe playing season? A.—"Jeanne d'Arc." "The Sunken Bell" "John the Baptist," etc. Q.—In what number were scenes from "The Prodigal Son" published? A.—October, 1905.

A New Shakespeare Portrait

A cable despatch to the New York Sun that a hitherto unknown portrait of Shakespeare has been discovered in a village inn at Windsor near Darlington. It is a panel portrait, framed in oak, representing the poet when he was 28 years old. Two sisters of the innkeeper, is named Ludgate, say the portrait has been possession of their family from time immemorial for which alone it was valued. An art lover recently visited Winston chanced to see it hanging in the public room of the inn and, being struck by its excellence, advised Ludgate to have it used. It was sent to Christie, who declared it was the earliest portrait of Shakespeare extant. It is said that he estimates its value at a \$20,000. The panel is in perfect condition, except that it is a little worm eaten in one corner.

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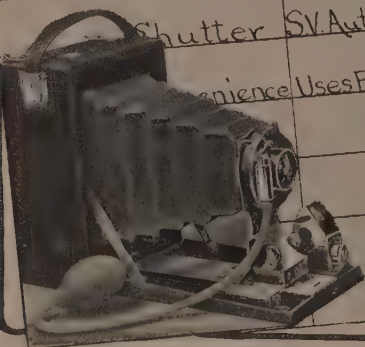
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KATE. A Comedy. By Bronson Howard. Harper & Bros., New York and London.

The publication of a play, without stage directions and the names of the speakers apart from the dialogue, the effect in the appearance of the pages being that of a novel, is something absolutely new. Mr. Howard, in making the experiment, for it is surely an experiment only, urges that the technicalities of the pages of a printed play, by their continual and useless repetition, weary the eye and constitute a bar to the natural movement of thought and that they are no more necessary to the reader of the play than the occasional dialogues in a novel. His purpose is to carry the imagination of the reader directly to the scenes and to absolutely exclude any interposition of scenes of life imagined as upon the stage. Occasionally the state of mind of a character is described directly, which would be left to the business of the actor as set down in the manuscript of the play or as performed by him in the acting. Again certain details are introduced which would probably not be conveyed in the performance of the play. For instance, "the curtains of the long window are partially drawn and one side of the French casement stands partly open to the mild air of an occasional October evening in rural England. The scene beyond, clear in the light of the moon, is peaceful and absolutely silent unless a quick ear may catch the splash of the river at the foot of the park." These are very delicate little touches. They go beyond the avoidance of technical stage directions. The book, then, is so far removed from the appearance in form of a printed play and so closely resembles a novel that it should be called a novel. Presented as such it would be found a delightful improvement upon the ordinary form of the novel. It is in reality a novel written according to the logical method of a drama. The effectiveness of it all when considered with reference to the improvement in novel writing is very great. Published as a novel the novelty would be recognized and hardly any book of the present season would enjoy wider popularity, for it is a charming story set forth with the vividness that belongs to that quality of the drama which represents everything as of the present moment. It would be easy enough to eliminate all technical terms referring to the stage and to have the directions apply to the scenes in life, and still preserve the form and name of Play. The method used in the book is more instructive and practicable for the novelist than for the dramatist.

MOLIÈRE. A Biography. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. New York: Duffield & Co.

It may be fairly said that Molière has been an open book for English readers and students only since the publication of Van Laun's completed edition of the great French dramatist's works. One or two adequate lives have been in existence, but the present volume by Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, is based upon very comprehensive research and will form an essential part of any library devoted to its subject. The sincerity and value of the work have received official recognition in France. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor refrains from critical comment except by way of elucidation. His purpose is to interpret the plays of Molière through the actual experiences of the man in life. Possibly he makes too close an application of these experiences to the plays and the incidents and characters in the plays. The very fact that Molière was unhappy in his marriage to Armande Béjart and yet wrote of the foibles and vices of the day does not, it seems to us, imply that he drew his satirical inspiration to any great extent from his personal experiences. On the contrary it would seem to indicate the breadth of his mind. He surely was not writing under a pose. He was not inviting the attention of his public to his personal grievances. No doubt some of his material and philosophy were derived from his domestic infelicities. He made some study of himself, his wife and her admirers, but to refer everything to his personal life is carrying biographical analysis too far. Molière was broad, not narrow. Nevertheless this method of investigation or speculation is interesting and not unprofitable. Considerable space is devoted to the discussion of the scandalous charge that was made that Armande Béjart was really the daughter of Molière himself, something that was possible only in the circumstances of the life of a strolling player. The book is supplied with a well-planned index, a complete biography and a chronology. The book is handsomely printed and bound. It contains every essential fact and has the qualities that will make it a standard.

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 63.)

LYRIC. "THE SUNKEN BELL." Poetic drama in 5 acts by Gerhardt Hauptmann. Produced Feb. 5 with this cast:

Heinrich, Mr. Sothern; Magda, Miss Kruger; The Children, Gladys Wilkinson, Pearl Egan; A Neighbor, Mrs. Sol Smith; The Vicar, Mr. Crompton; The Schoolmaster, Mr. Aspland; The Barber, Mr. Anderson; Ol Wittkin, Mrs. Le Moyne; Rautendelein, Miss Marlow; The Nickelmann, Mr. Buckstone; The Wood Sprite, Mr. Eric; First Elf, Miss Crew; Second Elf, Miss Lamis; Third Elf, Miss Sanford; Fourth Elf, Miss Hammond.

In the written book of "The Sunken Bell" there are passages of exquisite fancy expressed in a form worthy of their poetic significance. But these are detached elements in the play that only prove the poetic faculty of feeling and expression possessed by Hauptmann. He is an observer of Nature and has sought out her beauties in field and valley and every nook of the mountains. Sunlight and shadow, the murmuring of the wind through the trees, the fluttering of the butterfly and the speeding of the bee have come into his song. Mr. Sothern, in his scenery, has responded to the poetic spirit, and there is nothing lacking within the scope of stage management to this sylvan play. And yet, with all the beauty of the verse, the visualized poetry of the scenery, and the most extraordinary labor of the actors, "The Sunken Bell" is an arrangement of nonsense. It will not stand analysis for a moment. Even with the simplest interpretation of it, it is inconsistent and meaningless and overloaded with detail in production.

The general idea of the story is expressive and strangely alluring. In its brief statement it seems to mean something. A master bell founder wishes to place his bell upon the mountain heights from where its joyous notes could be heard far and wide. Evil sprites contrive to send it crashing down the mountain side to be buried in the lake. The master, himself wounded and sore, meets a beautiful spirit in the depth of the woods high on the mountains. She lures him from home, and in the meanwhile his wife and children die of neglect. In the end, a vision appears to him of his two children bearing between them an urn containing the tears of his abandoned and dead wife. And then the sound of the sunken bell tolling is heard. He drinks poison provided for him, and the beautiful spirit of the forest who has detained him in her toils descends forever into the well of the Nickelmann.

This, without the meaningless complication of detail, is substantially the story. Heinrich, the master, after the loss of his bell, remains in the mountain heights hammering away on an anvil to accomplish some great thing for mankind. He never accomplishes it, and no one can possibly spell out from the strokes of his hammer, from a single line that he utters, or from any of the text from the book, what he is aiming at. His hammering on iron or metal of whatever kind being without definite purpose, the only feeling that the audience can have toward him is that he is a degenerate, wasting his energies in madness a corrupt soul, who leaves his wife and children to die of neglect.

The noblest human figure in the play is the Vicar, and not for one moment does our memory stray from the fate of the master's wife and children. It is horrible. Is it an exposition of the continental idea that a man is justified in abandoning the holiest things in the pursuit of his art? Whatever other meaning it has, this is the one definite meaning that can be drawn from the confusion of the symbolism. Accepting the poetic spirit and apt expression of Hauptmann, it is, of the whole, inexplicable nonsense. Brekekekex! Brekekekex! the Waterman who lives in the well Nickelmann by name, a slimy kind of half frog no doubt pleasing to the formless imagination of children, furnishes a proper expression of opinion about the whole proceedings with his croak. I would be easy to demonstrate the utter vacuity of this half insane imagining of a vague or disconnected mind. It has been said by some of the apologists for the play that each spectator can attach his own meaning to it. A fundamental principle in the drama is unity, and one form of unity is the impression of one and the same idea upon each spectator. A play that can be interpreted in a thousand ways is no play at all. Hauptmann, the poet himself, has fashioned mere dream clouds, and in that sense each of us may describe the constantly changing clouds as we may; all of which is childish and worthless and idle entertainment.

The play is a bore in spite of the charm of Miss Marlowe and the excellent work of Mr. Sothern, Mrs. Le Moyne, and others. Brekekekex! Quorax

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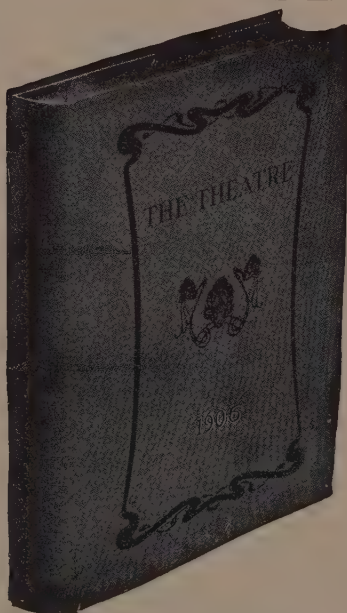
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THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

3 West Twenty-ninth St.

New York City

LYRIC. "JOHN THE BAPTIST." Tragedy in acts by Herman Sudermann. Produced Jan. 11 with this cast:

Herod Antipas, Frank Reicher; Vitellius, Rowland Buckstone; Marcellus, Mr. Spiers; Gabalos, Mr. Asland; Mercedes, Mr. Tower; Jabad, Mr. Wells; John E. H. Sothorn; Jehoshaphat, W. H. Crompton; Matthew, Mr. Kelly; Amariah, Fred Eric; Simon, Mr. Crawley; First Galilean, Mr. Wheelock; David the Zealot, Mr. Rabon; Herodias, Alma Kruger; Salome, Julia Marlowe; Jael, Miss Wilson; Haddia, Miss Crew; Miriam, Miss Lamson; Maecha, Miss Hammond; Abi, Eleanor Sandford.

This ponderous German drama, which was never a success in Germany, is not likely to be received with more favor in this country. It proved verbose and tedious, with interminable speeches and an action that was exceedingly slow and labored. It is difficult to understand just what it appealed to Mr. Sothorn, for he is not particularly good in the title rôle, and Miss Marlowe has never appeared in a part less suited to her personality than the part of Salome. As a concession to the matinee maiden, an attempt has been made to whitewash the character of the daughter of Herodias, with the inevitable result that every particle of interest in it has been destroyed. It is hardly probable that the piece will linger in the Sothorn-Marlowe repertoire.

BIJOU. "ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY." Comedy by Earnest Denny. Produced Feb. 11 with this cast:

Anthony, Lord Crackenthorpe, Ernest Stallard; The Hon. Jimmy Keppel, Frank Gillmore; Major Arch Phipps, J. R. Crauford; Jack Menzies, Addison Pittaker, C. A. Chandos; Lucas, John Marble; Lady Crackenthorpe, Kate Meek; The Hon. Millicent Keppel, Jan Marbury; The Hon. Mrs. Colquhoun, Ann Warrington; Mrs. O'Mara, Ida Waterman; Peggy, Miss Crossman.

Henrietta Crossman in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" is about all there is in the play, and that means that the play is nothing and she is something. If you have never seen this actress, her personality will be a delight and a revelation to you. Her animation and art give value to trifles. An unconventional young woman falls into her own trap by going to the rooms of a young man whom she does not love and permitting it to be believed for a while that she is married to him. The scheme of the story or action is preposterous. No foundation is established for it, and we can only accept the silly complications because of the courtesy that Miss Crossman's compelling naturalness invites us to. Will managers, actors and playwrights never learn that the more absurd complications are the more reasonable they must be made? The blame is entirely with the author in this case. Some wheel in the play is lacking. Supply it, and, instead of being dreary, it would be brimful of laughter and entertainment, and Miss Crossman, who has never appeared to better advantage in her personal natural and artist comedy, would not have to gather her armful of flowers for her first entrance, but would carry them away with her on the fall of the curtain.

BERKELEY LYCEUM. "THE RECKONING." Drama in 3 acts, by Arthur Schnitzler. Produced Feb. 12, with this cast:

Fritz Sommer, John Dean; Theodore Kaiser, Robert Conness; Mitz, Schlaeger, Phyllis Rankin; Christine Wehring, Katherine Grey; A Gentleman, Albert Bruning; Mrs. Catherine Binder, Sarah McVickar; Hans Wehring, George Trader.

"The Reckoning" is not a new play. It has seen several successful seasons in Berlin, though with the exception of a very inadequate performance some years ago by the Progressive Stage Society, the recent opening marks its first English presentation in America.

Fritz Sommer, a young army officer, and his companion Theodore Kaiser, are having a merry



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per in the former's rooms with two young men. With Theodore and Mitzi, the fun is of the moment, but a temperamental difference, well portrayed in the characters of Fritz and Christine, foreshadow the reckoning that must come. A fifth character comes upon the scene, husband of a woman to whom Fritz has been in court. He demands satisfaction. Fritz accepts the challenge and the husband departs. At Bruning, in this small part, occupying the only some five or six minutes, did a telling, careful bit of acting. Fritz seeks Christine in her own home, saying he is going away for a vacation. The old theme, that man's love is a long apart, while woman's is her whole existence, brought out in this scene most strongly. Fritz finds that he cares more than he suspected for this girl, and he realizes that he could have been happily married, were it not for the necessity of satisfying his challenger. In the third act, the old task is Theodore's of telling Christine of Fritz's death. The tragedy comes to her with a cruel force when she learns that the duel was for another woman, and is accentuated when Theodore, in his blundering way, assures her that Fritz before his death spoke of her. The man who had been her whole life and around whom centered her every thought, had remembered her. Crazy, rebellious, she insists on seeking his grave, though warned by Theodore that she will find another weeping there. Well, she will go, but not to weep.

Katherine Grey has done nothing better than her performance of Christine. She is the complete embodiment of the character. From her first entrance one feels the charm, the tenderness and, oh, the underlying prophetic hint of coming tragedy that is to be her lot. Her emotional scenes were full of artistic suppression and restraint until, like a dam broken by a mighty flood, they rushed out and became splendidly uncontrolled. Each part in the cast was admirably taken.

GARDEN. "THE LITTLE MICHIUS." A musical play in 3 acts. Book by Van Loo and Duval. English version by Henry Hamilton. Music by René Massager. Produced January 31.

Very little can be said about a play as wholly interesting and conventional as this one proved to be. It follows the scenario of a hundred musical comedies that have come and gone in the past years. It is as good as some, better than a few and not equal to many, but it is like most of them. There are the same choruses, the same comic hero, the same stupid dowager, and the usual number of insipid heroines, for the little Michus are twins. The story concerns the blundering of the guardian, who, charged with the care of his marquis' motherless infant, gives the baby a bath with his own child of the same age, some one or two months, and mixes them up, so their own mother can not tell them apart. When the marquis, who has become General des Iles, returns in seventeen years for his child, no one can decide which one to give him. Finally one of them dressed in old-fashioned garments so resembles the general's wife that the identity is established.

ASTOR. "GENESSEE OF THE HILLS." Play by Frank Ellis Ryan and McPherson Turnbull. Produced February 11.

"Genessee of the Hills" is an example of the result of a stage manager and actor staging a manuscript that is wholly uninformed with adequate knowledge of dramatic law. The production will be briefly disposed of. The play is an acted story and not a drama with a plot. We do not care to analyze it. "We are not arguing with them, we are telling them," to follow the dictum of Whistler. Genessee Jack has been long enough with the Indians to be one of them and to be accounted of by the tribe. He had left his home in the East when he was a young man, having married a young woman to save his brother in a complication and give a name to a child that is to be born. The child is laid in Northwestern Montana. This child is now in the West. In the scene between the two the above history is brought out. Nothing comes of it, and thereafter everything is into acted story. Genessee Jack is arrested on suspicion of horse-stealing. He cannot give an account of his doings on a certain morning. He is really rescued a young woman in a blizzard. The young woman falls in love. Nothing comes of it. Story. He escapes from military arrest by reason of the loyalty of a young Indian brave who substitutes himself for him. This brave is killed. There is a scene in a "Rocky Mountain" in which an attack by the Indians is awaited. Genessee Jack leads the whites to safety by taking through a thin wall in a neighboring gold mine that he owns. He remains to defend the body of his loyal rescuer, the young woman, to his tribe. He holds the body up very resolutely alone on the stage and is mortally wounded. In the last act he is brought in dying and does die, and the play ends with him.



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The Theatre Everywhere

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 9.—The much-heralded "The Lion and the Mouse" justified its fame on Jan. 14. Grace George in "Clothes" was welcomed enthusiastically. Viola Allen in "Cymbeline" on the 17th pleased the Shakespearian devotees, and on the 18th "Man and Superman" alternately shocked and delighted a packed house. Nance O'Neil in "The Sorceress" and "Magda" thrilled her small audiences. Proctor's vaudeville bills continue to maintain a pleasing variety of excellence.

WILLIAM H. HASKELL.

Alexandria, La., Feb. 6.—Jan. 29 Florence Davis played to a good house. Tim Murphy in "A Corner in Coffee" and Maude Fealey in "The Illusion of Beatrice" drew a good house on the 2d.

JACQUES WHEEL.

Atchison, Kan., Feb. 8.—"Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," with Corinne, was the banner attraction of January. Arthur Dunn in "The Little Joker" pleased a large house. Jos. E. Howard and Mabel Barrison in "The District Leader" gave a very pleasing performance. The Kerkhoff-Hillman Co. had a successful week, followed by The Orpheum Co.

CHAS. SEIF, JR.

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 9.—Fritzi Scheff in "Mlle. Modiste" drew the most brilliant audiences of the season. Maxine Elliott in "Her Great Match" received a warm greeting. We all liked Robert Edson in "Strongheart" immensely. Walker Whiteside in "The Magic Melody" scored a decided hit. "The Rogers Bros. in Ireland" came with a host of funny jokes, catchy music and pretty girls. "Checkers," with Hans Robert, was well received. After an absence of twelve years Lillian Russell came in "The Butterfly," and delighted large audiences. "The Free Lance," with Joseph Cawthorne, was one of the best musical offerings of the year. "The Vanderbilt Cup" did not create any great amount of enthusiasm. "It's All Your Fault" was a superb farce. The Bijou has also presented some attractions of merit. At the El Dorado the Baldwin-Melville Stock Co. continue to big business, presenting some high-class plays at popular prices.

D. E. MOOREFIELD.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 10.—E. S. Willard in repertoire and as "Col. Newcomb" delighted his audiences. Lulu Glaser in "The Aero Club" was highly amusing. "The Spoilers" played at the Academy on Jan. 28. Lawrence D'Orsay in "The Embassy Ball" was well received. Chauncey Olcott's stay was attended by the usual enthusiasm he arouses. Nat Goodwin had a successful week at the Ford Theatre. Robert Edson was generously received in his return visit of "Strongheart." Sybil Klein had a successful week in "The Dancing Girl."

H. A. JAECKSCH.

Binghamton, N. Y., Feb. 9.—Joseph Cawthorne in "The Free Lance" was well received, also was De Wolf Hopper in "Happyland." Annie Russell scored in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Jefferson De Angelis in "The Girl and the Governor," Eddie Foy in "The Earl and the Girl," Andrew Mack in "Arrah-na-Pogue," "Simple Simon," "The Mayor of Tokio" and Marie Cahill drew large houses. The Armory Theatre continues to present vaudeville to good houses.

G. W. VANDA.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 9.—Forbes Robertson's engagement at the Hollis was perhaps the notable one of the month. The first week was given up to "Caesar and Cleopatra" and the second to repertoire. Jan. 21 he gave "Hamlet" for the first time in Boston, and the several performances of the play were received enthusiastically. Last season Ethel Barrymore's engagement in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" was cut short by illness, so we were especially glad to see her in it on Jan. 21 for a week. The two weeks following she has been delighting audiences in a revival of "Capt. Jinks." A special matinee of "The Doll's House" was marred by insufficient rehearsals. The first professional presentation of Ibsen's "Enemy of the People" is being given this week by John Craig, the first American actor to undertake it. His stock company is hardly up to the standard he himself sets them. May Irwin, at the Park, is playing in "Mrs. Wilson-Andrews," and on Jan. 28 gave the initial performance of a one-act play by Ade, "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse," as a curtain raiser. Large audiences are attending the Hollis Street Theatre to see Pavarsham in "The Squaw Man."

HETTIE GRAY BAKER.

Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 8.—At the Star Theatre "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" proved a genuine treat. The most brilliant event of the season was Richard Mansfield's presentation of "Peer Gynt." Annie Russell in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "His Honor the Mayor," "The Daughters of Men," "The Flower Girl," "The Rose of the Alhambra" and "The Kreutzer Sonata" were successes.

ARTHUR J. HEIMLICH.

Burlington, Iowa, Feb. 7.—Mildred Holland in "A Paradise of Lies," delighted two well-filled houses on Jan. 1. "Painting the Town" played to a small but appreciative audience on the 3d. "On the Bridge at Midnight" followed. The 5th one of the largest houses of the season greeted Henrietta Crossman in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy." Laurence Ewart in "We Are King" did not draw well. On the 10th, Corinne in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" scored a decided hit. "It Happened in Nordland" and "A Bunch of Keys" played to fair houses.

N. B. LUPTON.

Burlington, Vt., Feb. 8.—"The Gingerbread Man" proved one of the most enjoyable offerings of the season. "Man and Superman" was decidedly successful. "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" and "The War Correspondent" drew fair houses. Nance O'Neil in "Magda" was greeted by a large audience. Vogel's Minstrels carried a number of good artists. "McFadden's Flats" did not make a very favorable impression. The repertoire companies include Marks Brothers No. 1 Co., Jere McAuliffe and the Bennett Moulton Co.

J. F. ALLARD.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Feb. 7.—"The Pit" New Year's matinee and evening, held the boards. "Painting the Town" drew a small audience. The house which greeted Jessie Busley in "In the Bishop's Carriage," although not large, was very enthusiastic. Corinne in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" played to capacity. Francis Wilson in "The Mountain Climber" packed the house. A fair audience greeted Amelia Bingham in "The Lilac Room." Arthur Dunn in "The Little Joker" played to a capacity house. Primrose and his minstrels drew the usual large audience. Florence Gale in "The Taming of the Shrew" played to a poor house. James K. Hackett in "The Walls of Jericho" drew a packed house. Flor-

ence Roberts in "The Strength of the Weak," played to a poor house.

JOHN A. MURRAY.

Charlotte, N. C., Feb. 9.—The management of the Academy have served the patrons with a line of high-class attractions the past month. "The Lion and the Mouse," proved a strong card and drew well. "Zaza," with Mabel Montgomery in the title rôle, pleased a fair house. "The Prince of Pilsen," with a well-balanced cast, was cordially received and played to good business. "When Knighthood Was in Flower" played to fair business. Robert Edson in "Strongheart" played to a large and appreciative house. Lillian Russell in "The Butterfly" played to a capacity house. "The Free Lance," headed by Joseph Cawthorne, proved one of the best attractions of the season.

GEO. L. VAN ECHOP.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 6.—Henrietta Crossman and Lillian Russell appeared in the same week in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" and "The Butterfly." Maxine Elliott in "Her Great Match" Jan. 19th, drew one of the largest audiences of the season. A few days later Nat. Goodwin presented "The Genius" before a capacity house. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" visited here for the second time. "Checkers" on Jan. 17 drew well, as usual. "The Clansman" drew an immense audience. Creston Clarke in "The Ragged Messenger" and Walker Whiteside in "The Magic Melody" were deserving of better patronage. Fritzi Scheff in "Mlle. Modiste," Marie Cahill in "Marrying Mary," "The Tenderfoot," "Hoity Toity" and "Wonderland" all played to good business. At the Bijou, "Down the Pike," "The Ninety and Nine" and "The Boy Behind the Gun," each played a week's engagement to packed houses.

A. F. HARLOW.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 11.—Business is excellent. Packed houses are everywhere the rule. Two excellent weeks of Maxine Elliott in a return engagement of "Her Own Way" at Powers, are followed to-night by Florence Roberts in "The Strength of the Weak." Virginia Harned failed to please Garrick audiences in "The Love Letter," and "Camille" was revived. The star gave a technically faultless but wholly uninspired performance. The advance sale for Blanche Bates, who opens to-night at the Garrick in "The Girl of the Golden West," has been very large. Two brilliant weeks of "Mame, Butterfly" at the Illinois were followed by a very prosperous and successful engagement of Grace George in "Clothes." At the Studebaker, Lena Ashwell began a return engagement in "Mrs. Dane's Defense" and "The Shulamite" to good houses in the beginning. The premiere of Victor Mapes' melodrama "The Undercurrent," proved unsuccessful, and Miss Ashwell closed her tour in America. "The Yankee Tourist," with Raymond Hitchcock in the stellar rôle, followed. This vehicle is "The Galloper," made over into musical comedy with excellent results. Ezra Kendall in "Swirl Elegant Jones" at the Grand has proven an interesting attraction. "The Spring Chicken," with Richard Carle, at the Colonial, is an undoubted hit, and will continue indefinitely. The termination of the career of the New Theatre, Chicago's first endowed playhouse, came on Feb. 9. The closing bills were a revival of Herne's "Margaret Fleming," and "The Whole World," a new play by a new writer, Marshall Illsley, of Milwaukee. Both gained considerable attention from public and critics, but the playhouse had been already doomed to failure and extinction by mismanagement, overwhelming debt and poor performances.

L. FRANCE PIERCE.

Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 8.—The leading attraction of the month was Richard Carle in "The Spring Chicken." Richard Mansfield presented "Peer Gynt." Grace George in "Clothes" drew capacity houses, followed by "The Lion and the Mouse." "The Girl Raffles" and "Arizona" played to good houses at the Lyceum. Bertha Kalich in "Kreutzer Sonata," and "The Rose of the Alhambra" drew well at the Colonial. Joseph and William Jefferson in "Playing the Game" and "The Love Route" claimed their share of appreciation.

J. A. WATTERSON.

Colorado Springs, Col., Feb. 8.—Theatre business has been very good. Many excellent shows have been here. Jan. 11, "Red Feather," Jan. 19, "The Ham Tree," Jan. 22 "She Stoops to Conquer," splendid house, Jan. 26 "Under Southern Skies," that beautiful Southern drama, drew fair business. Jan. 28 "Painting the Town" was enjoyed by a small house. Feb. 1 "Monte Cristo," by James O'Neill. On Feb. 2 we enjoyed "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." This evening "Sis Hopkins" will be seen. Miss Melville as Sis Hopkins is well known here.

HOMER B. SNYDER.

Dallas, Tex., Feb. 5.—"Checkers" drew an excellent house. "The Umpire," "Roger Brothers in Ireland," "The Illusion of Beatrice," "Painting the Town," "The Man on the Box," and "The Squaw Man" were unusually well received. The weekly bills at the Majestic are giving entire satisfaction. "Sam Houston" with Clay Clement has been booked to appear on Feb. 14, 15, 16.

M. S. FIFE.

Decatur, Ill., Feb. 4.—Amelia Bingham in "The Lilac Room" attracted a large audience. "In the Bishop's Carriage" drew only a fair house. MacMillen, the violinist, was greeted by a large audience. "Little Johnny Jones," on its second visit played to an enthusiastic house. "The Marriage of Kitty," "The Daughters of Men," "The Grand Mogul," and Louis James in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" were well attended.

RUSSELL E. BURKE.

Des Moines, Iowa, Feb. 4.—Jan. 8 Francis Wilson in "The Mountain Climber," S. Miller Kent on the 10th in "Raffles," "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" the 14th, and Arthur Dunn in "The Little Joker," were all well received. Dustin Farnum's third visit caused the S. R. O. sign to be displayed. Florence Gale's Shakespearian performances on the 26th brought much commendation. Feb. 1 "The Land of Nod" brought the usual excellent house. The night following James K. Hackett appeared in "The Walls of Jericho." Alberta Gallatin in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," Florence Roberts in "The Strength of the Weak," and David Corson, were all successful. The Shubert presented "The Social Whirl" Jan. 18 and 19.

H. P. W.

Duluth, Minn., Feb. 7.—Wm. Gillette in "Clarice" and Guy Bates Post in "The Heir to the Hoorah" proved the best attractions of the year. "Peggy from Paris," "Dora Thorne," "A Poor Relation," "The County Chairman," Francis Wilson in "The Mountain Climber," "The Pit," "Bonnie Briar Bush" and Eva Tanguay in "A Good Fellow," were well received and pleased. Max Figma in "The Man on the Box" also drew well.

E. F. FURRER.

Detroit, Mich., Feb. 7.—Early in January at the Detroit Opera House appeared Raymond Hitchcock in "The Galloper," followed by "The Walls of Jericho." "The Down East" played to crowded houses the week of 7th. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and Richard Mansfield in "Peer Gynt" divided the week of the "Isle of Bong Bong" preceded "Mr. Hopkinson." College Widow" on its second appearance here was more popular than on its first presentation.

R. V. WARMAN.

East Liverpool, Ohio, Feb. 9.—On Jan. 7 the Rosab Leslie Stock Company played to a good business. Leech delighted large audiences in "Girls Will Be Girls," "When the Harvest Days Are Over," "While 'Pr Burns," "The Lion and the Mouse" and "Way Down East" were well received. The Chester De Vonde St. Co., the week of Jan. 21, was well patronized. Em Bunting appeared in repertoire the week of Feb. 3.

FREDERICK A. KOCK.

El Paso, Tex., Feb. 8.—During the past month were favored with unusually good attractions. Am the third or fourth performance here of "Peggy from Paris" drew the accustomed capacity house. "The Heir to the Hoorah," "Theodore Babcock in "County Chairman," and "Bonnie Briar Bush,"

WM. B. EDWARDS.

Evansville, Ind., Feb. 10.—At the Grand, Wall Whiteside in "A Magic Melody," proved popular. "Social Whirl" and Henry E. Dixey in "The Man on the Box" were also well received. "The Girl and the Band" and "Way Down East" were given their usual cord welcome. The Wells-Bijou offered many good attractions among which were Lillian Russell, Henrietta Crossman, Tim Murphy, Nance O'Neil, "Little Johnny Jones," "Grand Mogul," and a host of others. The Bijou Stock Company at the Hopkins Bijou pleased, as did the popular price attractions at the People's. ROBERT L. ODELL.

Fargo, N. D., Feb. 7.—The opening of the new Winnipeg Theatre will secure a better class of productions this city. During the past month we have seen "Peggy from Paris," "The Yankee Consul," Guy Bates Post "The Heir to the Hoorah," "Theodore Babcock in "County Chairman," and "Bonnie Briar Bush."

HARRY WILKINSON.

Green Bay, Wis., Jan. 4.—"The Bonnie Briar Bush" pleased its audience. Mildred Holland in "A Paradise of Lies" gave us the second good thing of the month. The third or fourth performance here of "Peggy from Paris" drew the accustomed capacity house. "The Heir to the Hoorah" and "The Girl" scored well. "We Are King" with Laurence Ewart, deserved more than a fair audience but conditions were unfavorable.

JAMES WALLER.

Haverhill, Mass., Feb. 10.—"Coming Thro' the Rye" was well received by a large house, as was Lester Legman in "If I Were King." George B. Munroe in "Time of Your Life" drew a fair audience. Grace Cameron in "Little Dolly Dimples" played to good houses. Lew Dockstader drew a capacity house. The Bijou moving picture house, has been established in this city and is doing well.

DANIEL N. CASEY.

Hazleton, Pa., Feb. 9.—The bookings for the month were not up to the standard, in fact our theatgoers were somewhat disappointed at the few attractions they were able to witness, among them were "Dooley," "The Ballet Girl," "The Little Outcast," "Wife's Secret," "Railroad Jack," "The Man of Choice," "As Told in the Hills."

W. H. GREEN.

Hutchinson, Kan., Feb. 6.—"The Clansman" drew capacity house. Porter J. White's "Faust" did a good business. "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" was far the best attraction of the month. Other plays that enjoyed good patronage were "My Wife's Family," "The Messenger Boy," "Railroad Jack," "Dora Thorne," "The Little Homestead," "The Rajah of Bong Bong," "Romeo and Juliet" came later.

LESLIE A. CAMP.

Huntsville, Ala., Jan. 12.—The new Elks Theatre which will be one of the finest playhouses in the South is expected to be completed March 1. The best attractions will be booked. Paul Gilmore in "At Yale" drew one of the largest houses of the season. "The Girl and the Governor," Arthur Dunn in "The Little Joker," "The Little Duchess" drew well. The Hippodrome skating rink will be converted into a summer theatre. John Hay, the manager, will start booking attractions at once.

ROBERT SCHIFFMAN.

Ithaca, N. Y., Feb. 8.—January brought many favorite Digby Bell in "The Education of Mr. Pipp," Annie Russell in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Henrietta Crossman in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," "Fantasia," "The Gingerbread Man," "The Mayor of Tokio" and "His Honor the Mayor." In addition to these were "Yon State Folks" and "Little Dolly Dimples" starring Grace Cameron.

WALTER S. MARSLAND.

Jackson, Miss., Feb. 8.—"The Vanderbilt Cup," J. Corcoran in "The Triumph of Suzanne," Harry Berford in "The Woman Hater," Creston Clarke in "The Ragged Messenger," Nat M. Wills in "A Lucky Dog," Charles B. Hanford in "Julius Caesar," and "Hoity Toity" enjoyed an unequalled run of business at the Century Theatre. "The Tenderfoot," Tim Murphy "A Corner in Coffee," Thomas Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," "The Squaw Man" and Lillian Russell appeared before large and appreciative audiences.

C. R. YOUNG.

Jacksonville, Ill., Feb. 7.—Modjeska as Lady Macbeth was cordially received, as also was Wm. Owen in "Romeo and Juliet." "Wonderland," "A Bunch of Keys," Jules Murray Comedy Company's presentation of "The Marriage of Kitty," "The Daughters of Men," Amelia Bingham in "The Lilac Room," and Louis James, enjoyed good patronage. "The Master Workman," "The Devil's Auction," on its annual visit, Maud Powell violinist; Arthur Dunn in "The Little Joker," and "Butter Brown" played to fair houses.

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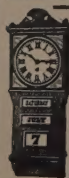
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Janesville, Wis., Feb. 4.—The Ferris Comedy Co. closed a successful week's engagement Jan. 5. "The Flower Girl" Jan. 9, pleased a large and enthusiastic audience. A Southern melodrama, "The Land of Cotton," played to a rather small house. Jan. 26 "The Time, the Place and the Girl" was much enjoyed by a capacity house, at which the S. R. O. sign appeared.

H. B. FIFIELD.

Joliet, Ill., Feb. 4.—"The Maid and the Mummy" drew large houses Jan. 5. "In the Bishop's Carriage," "Wonderland," and Amelia Bingham in "The Lilac Room," gave much satisfaction. Francis Wilson in "The Mountain Climber" attracted large audiences. Mabel Barrison and Joseph Howard in "The District Leader" played to full houses. Modjeska, on her farewell tour, was greeted by an enormous house. "As Ye Sow" and "The Clansman" were attended by large audiences.

BLANCHE MARIE STEVENS.

Keene, N. H., Feb. 8.—The return engagement of Walter H. Foster, the Moving Picture King, was a repetition of his former success. The Klark-Urban Stock Company remained here during the week of Jan. 14, presenting many plays apparently new to stock attractions.

EDWARD J. HAYES.

Lawrence, Mass., Feb. 9.—Fair houses greeted the Morton Opera Company in "Dorcas," also the company presenting the "Gingerbread Man" and Lester Lonergan in "If I Were King." Frank Lalor was given a grand ovation in "Coming Thro' the Rye" on a return engagement. The house being crowded, Robert Lorraine, with excellent support, presented an interpretation of Shaw's "Philosophy," "Man and Superman," but was very coolly received. The Colonial is still offering very good vaudeville.

JOHN MULHOLLAND.

Lexington, Ky., Feb. 10.—"The Grand Mogul" on the 23d corroborated the good words of the press agent and pleased unanimously. Another welcome visitor was Francis Wilson in "The Mountain Climber" on the 4th. Maxine Elliott played to capacity in "Her Great Match." "Little Johnny Jones" with Bobby Barry, "Wonderland" and Marie Cahill in "Marrying Mary," enjoyed good business.

J. F. A.

Lima, Ohio, Feb. 1.—On Jan. 1 "The Girl Patsy" drew good houses. "When Knighthood Was in Flower" gave its annual performance Jan. 2. Jan. 4 Raymond Hitchcock in "The Galloper" and "The Time, the Place, and the Girl" on the 11th drew large houses. Jan. 12 "Under Southern Skies," the 14th "David Corson," and Hi Henry's Minstrels the 15th pleased. "Way Down East," "The College Widow," "The Isle of Bong Bong" and Robert Downing in "Running for Governor," all played to capacity houses.

DEAN MACDONALD.

Madison, Wis., Feb. 10.—"Wonderland" held the boards on the 7th. Francis Wilson in "The Mountain Climber" on the 23d packed the theatre. "The Time, the Place, and the Girl" scored a "hit." The Ferris Stock Company beginning Jan. 14 played a week's engagement. The Majestic continues as popular as ever, while Flom's Vaudeville Theatre holds a constant following.

R. R. B.

Massillon, Ohio, Feb. 10.—"The Woman in the Case" on Jan. 15 and a return visit the 30th taxed the capacity of the house on both occasions. "The Lion and the Mouse" the 17th, met with an enthusiastic welcome. "When the Harvest Days Are Over" and "Hooligan in New York" drew poor houses. The Hi Henry Minstrels played to S. R. O. at two performances. The Murray Comedy Co. in their repertoire did well an entire week.

R. B. CRAWFORD.

Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 8.—The demand for seats for Fritz Scheff's performance was unprecedented. Maxine Elliott in "Her Great Match" was another strong drawing card. "The College Widow" and "Checkers" repeated last year's success. Walker Whiteside was seen in "The Magic Mirror," followed by Creston Clarke in "The Ragged Messenger." "The Freedom of Suzanne" was not a strong attraction. Marie Cahill in "Marrying Mary" delighted an immense audience. The Grand and Bijou are enjoying fine business.

EDW. F. GOLDSMITH.

Middletown, Conn., Feb. 9.—Jan. 21 Leopold Winkler gave a piano recital that delighted one of the largest audiences of the season. Feb. 6, Lester Lonergan in "If I Were King" drew a small house. The Clara Turner Co., the James Kennedy Co., and the Avery Strong Co., played to good business.

C. B. HALSEY.

Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 29.—Francis Wilson, in his new play, received a generous welcome, as also did J. K. Hackett in his Alfred Sutter, play, William Gillette in "Clarice," and E. S. Willard in his noteworthy repertoire. The Bijou has been successful in its presentations of J. J. Corbett, "Raffles," and Lottie Williams. The Orpheum has announced Mrs. Langtry. The popular concerts of the Symphony Orchestra have become so well attended that people are turned away at each performance.

JACOB WILK.

Mobile, Ala., Feb. 5.—On Jan. 7 Robert Edson in "Strongheart" pleased a packed house. Later Creston Clarke, "The Land of Nod," "The Tenderfoot" and "The Vanderbilt Cup" played to splendid business. Jan. 28, "Sam Houston" filled The Lyric, and the Rogers Brothers, the Mobile Theatre. The events of the season were Maxine Elliott in "Her Great Match" and Fritz Scheff in "M'lie Modiste," both companies meriting the crowded houses which greeted them. Mabel Montgomery played a return engagement of "Zaza" on Jan. 5. The Lyric, or Theatre Beaufort, continues to present high-class vaudeville, opening each week with standing room only.

KATHERYN KIRK.

Morgantown, W. Va., Feb. 9.—January opened with the McGann and Keifer Stock Companies. The latter part of the month brought Vaughn Glaser in "Prince Karl," "The Lion and the Mouse," and "The Isle of Spice." Cristy's Theatre, with the exception of "The Clay Baker" and one or two other productions, has devoted itself to vaudeville.

FRANK P. CORBIN.

New Orleans, La., Feb. 5.—Fritz Scheff in "M'lie Modiste" has been the star attraction of the past month. She was preceded by the Rogers Bros., who played to large houses. "The Land of Nod" was also very much enjoyed. The week of Feb. 3 has seen "College Widow," Nat M. Wills in "A Lucky Dog," "Beauty and the Beast," "Royal Chef" and "Buster Brown." The Standard Opera Co. presented "Martha" and "The Bohemian Girl." The Lyric, with Brown Baker Stock Co., has been doing a banner business. The Baldwin likewise is packed at each performance. The Orpheum continues to present the best in vaudeville. Brooks and his band is still playing at the Winter Garden. Sousa's new opera "The Free Lance," with Joseph Cawthorne, will run for a week at the Tulane.

GUS. A. LLAMBIAS.

Norwich, Conn., Feb. 9.—The leading event at the Broadway this month was the presentation of "Man and Superman," by Robert Lorraine. A large audience greeted Lester Lonergan in Justin McCarthy's play, "If I Were King."

L. F. BIDWELL.

Oakland, Cal., Feb. 4.—Mme. Schumann-Heink, on her concert tour, appeared before the largest audience ever known in this city. Olga Nethersole, in her first appearance on the Pacific Coast, gave her entire repertoire. "Buster Brown" failed to please. Sadie Raymond in "The Missouri Girl" was followed by McIntyre and Heath in "The Ham Tree." Landis Stevens in "Old Heidelberg" proved very popular. "The Dictator," "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" and Victor Herbert's "Wizard of the Nile" deserved the welcome they received. Several new theatres opened in San Francisco last month.

GEORGE A. HUGHES.

Oklahoma City, Okla., Feb. 2.—January opened with Louis James in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." On the 4th Chas. Grawpin drew capacity houses in "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp," as did Arthur Dunn on the 5th in "The Little Joker." Jan. 6 "The Minister's Son" played to a fair house. On the 12th and 13th the S. R. O. sign was displayed when Mr. Jewett played "The Squaw Man." On the 14th "The Devil's Auction," 15th, "Everybody Works but Father," and the 17th "Painting the Town" proved good attractions. On the 19th Maude Fealey was well received in "The Illusion of Beatrice." The 24th Paul Gilmore appeared before a crowded house in "Yale." The 26th and 27th "The Holy City," "The Village Vagabond" the 28th, and "The Old Woman" the 31st, were well received.

A. D. ENGELSMAN.

Oswego, N. Y., Feb. 9.—"The Girl of the Golden West" with Mary Hall, pleased a large audience. Viola Allen in "Cymbeline" drew a capacity house. A. L. Shepard's Motion Pictures, Vogel's Minstrels and the Tommy Sheaver Stock Company enjoyed good business.

M. J. WIGGINS.

Parsons, Kan., Feb. 7.—"The Marriage of Kitty," one of the best comedies witnessed here this season, together with "The Holy City," "The Devil's Auction," "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," and "The Gingerbread Man," formed a good list of attractions.

FORDE BERO.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 8.—At the Chestnut, Hattie Williams in "The Little Cherub," "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," with Fay Templeton and Victor Moore, George M. Cohan in "George Washington, Jr.," "Too Near Home," Lew Fields in "About Town," "The Man from Now," and De Wolf Hopper in "Happyland" and "Wang" enjoyed excellent patronage. Nat C. Goodwin, always a favorite, appeared in "What Would a Gentleman Do?" also "The Gentles." John Drew appeared in Piner's latest play "His House in Order." Digby Bell played in "The Education of Mr. Pipp." Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott presented "Caesar and Cleopatra"; Mr. Robertson repeated his superb performance of "Hamlet," also "The Merchant of Venice," and revived "Mice and Men." Richard Mansfield in the Ibsen play "Peer Gynt," created an extraordinary impression. He devoted the two weeks to this play, with the exception of one performance of "Beau Brummell" and "A Parisian Romance."

R. H. RUSSELL.

Pine Bluff, Ark., Feb. 7.—Louis James in his annual tour presented "Merry Wives of Windsor." Paul Gilmore pleased a large audience in his new play "At Yale." "The Land of Nod," presented here for the first time, was pronounced the best musical attraction ever witnessed in this city. Arthur Dunn in "A Little Joker," Harry Beresford in "The Woman Hater," "The Squaw Man," "The Vanderbilt Cup," "The Girl and the Bandit" and "The Barlow Minstrels" pleased large audiences.

CHAS. A. GORDON.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 9.—Society smiled on the premiere of Arthur Nevins' Indian opera, "Poia." A capable cast of soloists, the Pittsburg Orchestra and Mozart Club, aided in a smooth performance, and opera producers and musical critics of national prominence who attended agreed that "Poia" will be a success. It is stated that Henry W. Savage has secured the producing rights. The work is original in conception, and rich in the folklore of the original North Americans. E. S. Willard came to us at the Nixon adding "Colonel Newcombe" to his usual repertoire. John Drew in "His House in Order," with Margaret Illington sharing honors, followed. "The Rose of the Alhambra" and "The Flower Girl" both dainty musical offerings, were well received, and Mary Mannerling, too, in Rida Johnson Young's "Glorious Betsy." Blanche Bates in "The Girl of the Golden West" received a hearty welcome. Edwin Arden and later Mrs. Langtry, each in an interesting one-act play, added dignity to the Grand's always meritable vaudeville program. The contract for a new uptown playhouse, to be located on South Hiland avenue, has been let for immediate construction. W. F. Braun, a local amusement promoter, is responsible for the venture.

HOWARD JOHNSTON.

Racine, Wis., Feb. 2.—The scenic production "\$10,000 Reward" played to two large audiences on Jan. 20. "The Time, the Place and the Girl" displayed the S. R. O. sign on Jan. 25. "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp" drew a small but appreciative audience Jan. 27. "The Girl and the Bandit" pleased two large audiences Feb. 3.

J. ROBBINS FOSTER.

Rockford, Ill., Feb. 5.—"My Dixie Girl" Jan. 7, and "Wonderland" Jan. 8 drew fair houses. Jan. 11 Jessie Busley in "In the Bishop's Carriage" received a generous welcome. Francis Wilson in "The Mountain Climber" on Jan. 12 drew a packed house. Ben Greet's players in "The Merchant of Venice" enjoyed good business Jan. 15. Mildred Holland in a "Paradise of Lies" Jan. 19 deserved a better house. "The Show Girl" Jan. 26 and "The King of Tramps" Jan. 31 played to good business. Feb. 1 "The Clansman," presented here for the second time, pleased a large audience.

A. MCG. HOFFMAN.

Seattle, Wash., Feb. 8.—It was regretted that Schumann-Heink gave only one concert during her visit. "The Strollers," "The Sultan of Sulu" and "The Little Duchess" played to capacity houses. Olga Nethersole's visit was a great event. "Red Feather" played to large audiences.

C. E. ARMSTRONG.

Sioux City, Iowa, Feb. 6.—Florence Roberts in "The Strength of the Weak," Amelia Bingham in "The Lilac Room," and James K. Hackett in "The Walls of Jericho," all aroused great enthusiasm. Dustin Farnum made his third visit here with "The Virginian" and drew another packed house. Wright Huntington in "The Pit," Alberta Gallatin in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," Adelaide Thurston in "The Girl from Out Yonder," and S. Miller Kent in "Raffles," drew good houses.

H. F. INGERSOLL.

Sioux Falls, S. D., Feb. 4.—"The Gingerbread Man" played two performances to capacity houses. The County Chairman on the 5th and Adelaide Thurston on the 6th drew large audiences. The Chase Lister Co. followed with a one week engagement. The 14th and 15th Florence Gale in her Shakespearean repertoire gave much pleasure. "Uncle Josh Spruceby," "As Told in the Hills" and "Peck's Bad Boy," were well received. The performances by the Woodward Stock Co. brought the month to a close.

HARRY I. LURIE.

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 8.—"Roger Brothers in Ireland," Henrietta Crosman in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," and "The Isle of Bong Bong" were well received. "Wonderland" played to capacity. Amelia Bingham in "The Lilac Room" proved her ability to no small extent. "The Dis-

trict Leader" played to large audiences. "The I Chef" and Primrose Minstrels appeared before a capacity house. "The Grand Mogul," played to S. R. O. Louis James was generously greeted in "Merry Wives of Windsor."

RAYMOND VICTOR BA.

Springfield, Mass., Feb. 9.—"Coming Thro' the" played two performances to fair business. George Cohan in "George Washington, Jr.," pleased a capacity audience, and Lew Dockstader was also given a capacity reception. "The Lion and the Mouse" played times to standing room receipts. Robert Lorraine in "Man and Superman," and Annie Russell in "A Summer Night's Dream" scored well. Mrs. Fiske in "New York Idea" charmed a large audience. The I. Ryan Stock Co. played a three weeks' engagement. Charlotte Walker and Victor Serrano in "On Pa" scored a hit. Poli's continues to present vaudeville the usual big business.

HARRY W. ATW.

Springfield, Mo., Feb. 1.—Arthur Dunn in "The Joker" did good business on New Year's day. "The Country Kids" played to a small house on the 2d. A large audience witnessed "The Devil's Auction" 21st. "Ole Olson," on the 23d, did not draw well. James scored heavily in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" on the 24th. The S. R. O. sign was displayed a performance of "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." Harry Beresford played in "The Woman Hater" the Adelaide Thurston followed in the "Girl from Out Yonder," and delighted her audience. Robert Fitzsim in the "Fight for Love" closed the month.

H. M. THOM.

Stillwater, Minn., Feb. 1.—The week of Jan. 1 Miller Kent appeared in "Raffles" and Sol Smith R. in "A Poor Relation." Eva Tanguay drew a large house in her new play "A Good Fellow." "The Time, the Place, and the Girl" was thoroughly enjoyed. Feb. 5 vaudeville company of well-known artists was some not witnessed here in many months. J. M. Barlow in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" proved to be the strongest of drama of the season.

EDYTHE JEN.

St. John, N. B., Feb. 8.—The Robinson Opera returned here on the 18th playing two weeks to a capacity house. "The Wizard of the Nile" was probably the favorite with the audience, with Miss Keith's as the principal female part. Keith's has had good vaudeville attractions since it opened. Many tear entertainments of local interest have been of this month. Prof. Ryson's Boston School of Music is a notable one.

JAMES P. LUNN.

Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 8.—Annie Russell in "A Summer Night's Dream" and Grace George in her comedy "The Clouds" were well received. Emma in a new musical farce "Too Near Home," made an impression. Marie Cahill in "Marrying Mary" played to a big business. "Mr. Hopkinson" drew well. W. Lackaye scored heavily in "The Law and the Lady." Keith's vaudeville at the Grand has the S. R. O. displayed frequently.

E. C. HEI.

Tacoma, Wash., Feb. 1.—Helen Byron in "Seri Kitty" charmed her audiences. Among other comedies "The Strollers" received but meagre application. "The Sultan of Sulu," an old-time favorite, Little Duchess" and "The Heir to the Hoorah" played to capacity houses. At the Star Theatre patrons treated with several excellent dramas, including "Fusion" and "The Vendetta." The Grand Theatre gaining new friends every day by the exceptionally acts which constitute its bills.

F. KIRBY HASKE.

Vancouver, B. C., Feb. 8.—Max Figma in "Man on the Box" scored a great hit for the first time in this city; following him was Alberta Gallatin "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Both she and M. Fealey in the "Illusion of Beatrice" played to capacity houses. Maxine Elliott in "Her Great Match" drew audiences. "The Yankee Consul," "The Sultan of Sulu," "Sergeant Kitty" and the Pollards Juvenile Opera all drew good houses.

EDWARD MACGACH.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 9.—Warfield's engagement "The Music Master" at the Belasco week Jan. 14, all records of this popular house. At the National, 4. Forbes Robertson offered a repertoire of Shaw Shakespeare. "The Spoilers" won favor at the Columbia week of Feb. 4.

KENNETH P. CLAR.

Wheeling, W. Va., Jan. 7.—Al. G. Field's Minstrels played to a big business Jan. 1. The S. R. O. sign appeared at the performance of "Madam Butterfly" on 9. "The Daughters of Men," "The County Fair," Cahill in "Marrying Mary" and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," all drew good houses. "The Lion and the Mouse" played to an immense audience. The vaudeville bills at the Bijou attracted the usual large attendance.

H. M. HORKHEIM.

Williamsport, Pa., Feb. 2.—"The Gingerbread Man" rather disappointed a large audience. "The Earl and the Girl" drew a capacity house. De Wolf Hopper in "Haddon Hall" was greeted enthusiastically. His Honor Mayor" was pronounced the best musical comedy presented in this city. John Kellard in "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Hamlet" was certainly deserving of large audiences. The new Family Theatre is enjoying patronage.

T. L.

Wilmington, N. C., Feb. 5.—"Buster Brown" played to a large audience. "My Wife's Family" the held the boards. Mabel Montgomery in "Zaza" played to a large audience. "A Message from Mars" was sent for the first time here on the 21st and gave a pleasure. "Our New Minister" on the 26th brought month's attractions to a close.

THOS. W. PRITCHARD.

Winchester, Ky., Feb. 8.—"Nobody's Claim" played fair business Jan. 13. "The Isle of Spice," Jan. 18, played to S. R. O. The Rentfro Stock Co., week of Jan. 15 and the Depew-Burdette Co., week of 28th, presented a repertoire of good plays. Cox and Paterson, of Cincinnati, have opened an Electric Theatre, devoted to moving pictures and illustrated songs.

CLARK B. TANNI.

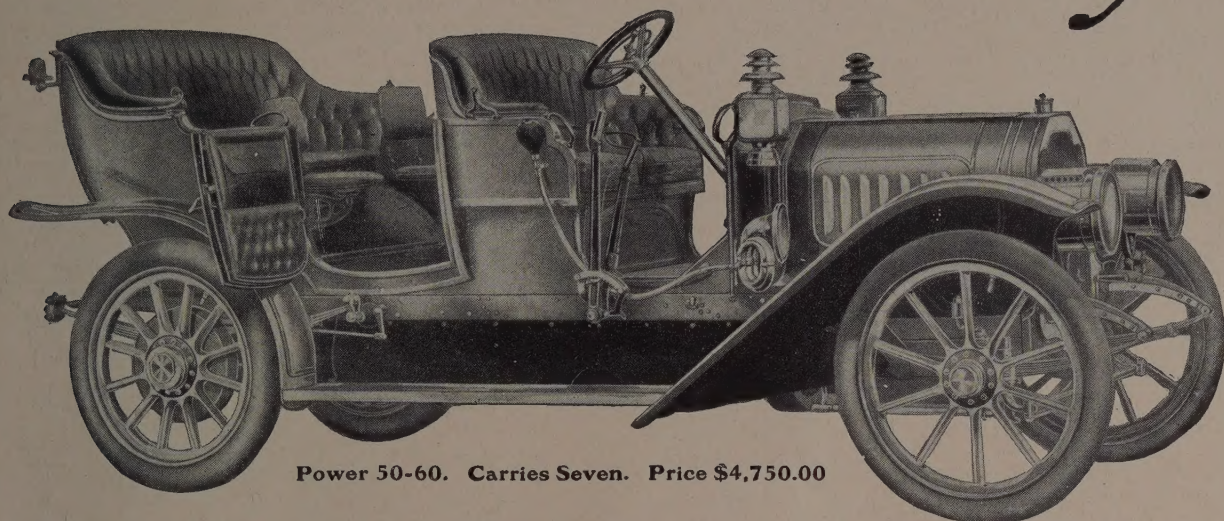
Worcester, Mass., Feb. 10.—This month has brought but few attractions to this city for the theatregoer. Minstrels had the usual crowded house. Vaudeville has been up to their ordinary high standard. Malcolm Williams and Florence Reed in a stock company at the Worcester have played to crowded houses. The audiences have been enthusiastic. Lee Shubert a few friends were here one night and witnessed presentation of "Old Heidelberg."

F. N. DRUP.

York, Neb., Feb. 8.—"As Told in the Hills" was sent to a large audience on Jan. 7. The season's production thus far was "The Marriage of Kitty," 12. "Uncle Josh Perkins" played to a fair-sized house. Griffiths' "Hypnotic" and Vaudeville Troupe entertained from Jan. 15 to 19 inclusive. "The Sign of Cross," Jan. 22. The Gans-Nelson fight pictures were not patronized very liberally. The Cleveland Orchestra gave an excellent entertainment on Jan. Feb. 5 The Boston Ideal Comic Opera Company of a return engagement in "La Mascotte." Feb. 7 "The and Orange Blossoms" was presented to a good house.

LEO J. ZIMMER.

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Notice that the brake-drum and hub-casting are in one piece (D) on which the ball races are anchored, taking all strain off the wheel bolts. Note, also, that the brake-drums are directly over the inside ball races, so that in braking there is no torsion as there is when the brake-drum is inside the ball races.

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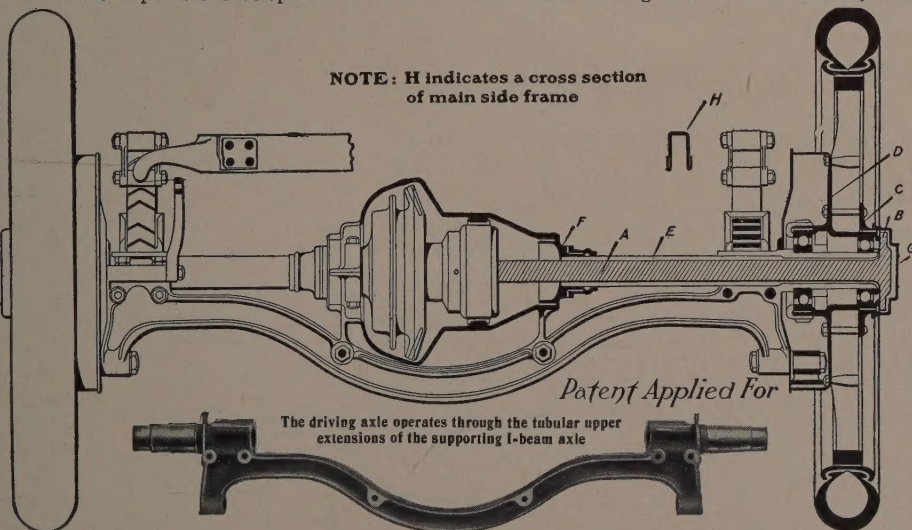
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